'AM I HOMELY!"— Bette Davis

Modern Screen

SEPTEMBER
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THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

1938
PERIODICAL DIVISION

JEANETTE MacDONALD

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A YEAR WITHOUT MY JEAN

By Jean Harlow's Mother

JUL 30 1938



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MODERN Screen

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CLARK GABLE

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MYRNA LOY



The best news since "Test Pilot" with that rare pair of romancers, M-G-M's tantalizing twosome. Clark's a daredevil newsreel man—Myrna's an airdevil aviatrix... Action! Heart-pumping paradise for thrill and fun-loving picture fans!

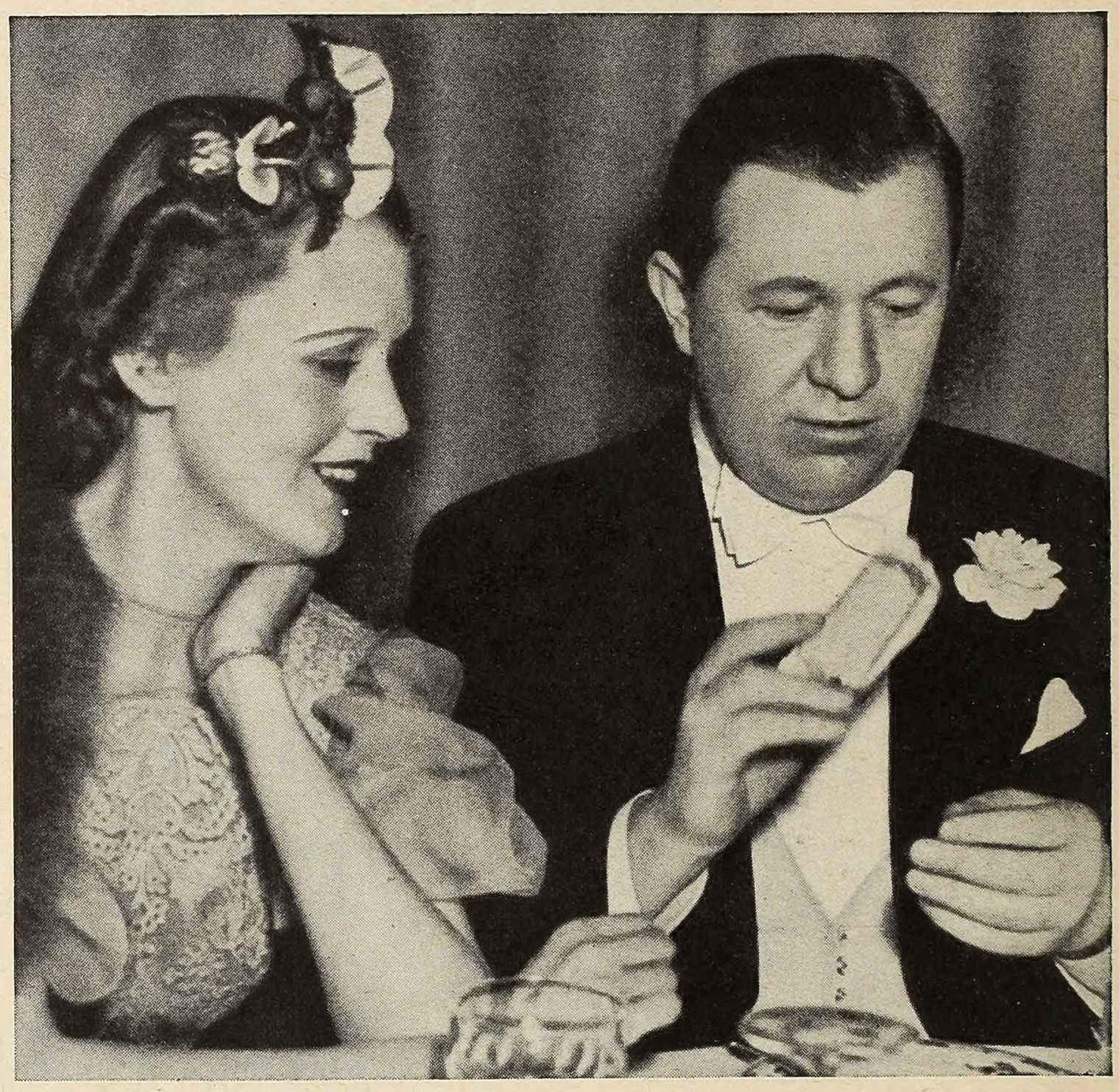
with WALTER PIDGEON · WALTER CONNOLLY
LEO CARRILLO · Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and Laurence Stallings
Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



GOINGS-ON IN GOTHAM

The movie stars take in New York — the place they go to see and be seen

BY MACK HUGHES



PUBLIC RENDEZVOUS No. 1 for Hollywood's scintillating personalities is good ole Gotham—New York City to us. They trek from far and near for a glimpse of the nation's glamor town, where prince and pauper rub shoulders on a social equality basis.

Did you ever see a dream walking? Well, I did!—and in New York, too. Loretta Young was the dream, but, oh, that hat! A slight matter of a nightmare! They say designers have it in for tha gals this season. I was never more certain than when Loretta came into the cocktail lounge with a bib tied round her head, and, monkey fur cascading from her shoulders, to top things off.

It brought to mind a little confab she had with Lilly Daché before she embarked for Hollywood. Spake Miss Young, "Darling, if you find any things, hats or dresses, that no one else can possibly wear, send them to me. I always look my best in clothes everyone else finds it impossible to put on."

Now you must admit that after hearing this, it was no real surprise when Miss Young hove into view at that swanky spot known as "21," making the patrons feel as if perhaps the hang-over came with the drink.

In fact, it was at this same place where Stu Erwin and his beautiful wife, June Collyer, entertained at cocktails. Stu, it seems, is just a bit fed up on ga-ga interviews.

"I'm darn sick of being the dumb country boy," Stu began. "It's about time the worm turned and some of my fans found out I really know the answers. I'm the father of two fine kids and I don't want them to think their Pa's a blithering idiot. Once these publicity folks type you, it's hard to break away."

Olivia De Havilland, here for a few days on her return from a vacation in England, was tendered a cocktail party atop the Radio City Music Hall, where her film "Robin Hood" was breaking records.

Seems the publicity gents didn't want Olivia to take anything stronger than tea, and that, just to keep in the spirit of things! Annahoo, as one of the waiters passed her by with a tray of TNT, Olivia managed to snag one, to the chagrin of her body-guards. It appears their idea was to present (*Continued on page* 16)



The Stuart Erwins dine at "21," rendezvous of the smart set—hang-out of top flight celebs to us.



Hope Hampton temporarily leaves her house on Park Avenue for a bigger one in Beverly Hills.

When in New York, Claire Trevor dwells on the twenty-ninth floor of the Sherry-Netherlands.

IT ROCKED BROADWAY FOR 82 WEEKS!
NOW IT'S THE LOUDEST LAUGH ON THE SCREEN!

Boy meets girl! . . . Cagney meets O'Brien! . . . And the great stage triumph that panicked New York and swept the whole nation from coast to coast, becomes the love-and-laughter picture of a decade!



Bella & Samuel Spewack's

BOY MEETS GIRL

FROM THE STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

Starring

JAMES CAGNEY
PAT O'BRIEN
MARIE WILSON • RALPH BELLAMY

FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

Directed by LLOYD BACON

SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK

Presented by WARNER BROS.





Gloria Dickson and George Brent are together in "Secrets of an Actress."

Next stop, stardom and Gloria has won it for very good reasons.

SHE'S NOT AFRAID

BY FRANC DILLON

"SHE'S JUST a little girl from the cow country," said one producer after he'd met Gloria Dixon for the first time. Well, she may hail from Pocatello, Idaho, but there are no alfalfa seeds in that smooth head of shining blonde hair. And if there are any other gals back home as smart and talented as Gloria—well, Hollywood wouldn't mind knowing about them too.

She was born Thais Dickerson in Pocatello, Idaho, where she lived, rode horseback, spent vacations in the mountains with her father, attended grammar school and acted every time she got a chance. She is her father's daughter in every respect. They were always very close and when he died after Gloria's twelfth birthday she lost a chum, a confidant and a pal.

Although a successful banker, Mr. Dickerson was a dreamer and a deep student. He taught Gloria to read good books, he took her on long fishing trips to the mountains. There they waded up trout streams in the day time, and in the long evenings sat before the big open fireplace where her father read aloud to her—biographies of famous people, histories, the classics and good plays.

From the time she was a very small girl he instilled in her mind the fact that she was going to "be someone." There was never any doubt about it. It was simply a question of when. He told her over and over, "If you retain your ideals of good theatre, and keep your feet on the ground, you will go far." For of course she was to be an actress. The thought of her future career inspired her very name, Thais Alalia.

"But don't write down Alalia," she begged. "No one can pronounce that. No one could ever pronounce Thais either. In school I answered to any name that began with a T."

Of course a name like Thais wouldn't do for pictures, and Dickerson is too long, so it was shortened to Dickson and Gloria was substituted for Thais. And now everyone who has seen her act knows that her father's prediction of stardom for her was right, for already she has been assigned a leading role opposite the popular George Brent in "Racket Busters."

It was after her father's death and there was nothing to keep them in Idaho, that Mrs. Dickerson brought Gloria and her sister, Doris, to Long Beach, California. There Gloria attended high school and graduated in June, 1932. Although she was a good student, her mind was on acting more than anything else. She studied everything that pertained to it. She took an active part in all school theatricals. As a small child she had already organized the neighbor children and produced shows in the Dickerson home basement.

After her graduation Gloria joined the Wayside Colony Players in Long Beach, and there learned the rudiments of professional acting. With this group she played everything from Shakespeare to modern plays. She did everything she could think of to enlarge her experience. She gave dramatic readings. She did readings before groups of club women. She went on the radio and read poetry to the accompaniment of an organ.

She joined a tent show, the Hart Players, where she made from seventy-five cents to three dollars a week, depending on the current business. And although money was none too plentiful in the Dickerson exchequer, the salary didn't matter to Gloria (*Continued on page 17*)

How one girl scaled the Hollywood heights and hung up a new record

Worlds of *Exotic* Women!

Women beyond the law's reach ...living their own lives, fighting their own game...each for HER MAN...dark, romantic Charles Boyer in the year's most intriguing melodrama.



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presents
CHARLES BOYER
in
"ALGIERS"
with
SIGRID GURIE
HEDY LAMARR*
JOSEPH CALLEIA · ALAN HALE
GENE LOCKHART · NINA KOSHETZ

Directed by John Cromwell • Screen play by John Howard Lawson • Additional Dialogue by James M. Cain
Released thru United Artists

Tip from Ed Sullivan, famous Hollywood correspondent..."Most gorgeous item to come to the films in the past year is Hedy Lamarr...Wait until you get a load of this lovely number in Wanger's 'Algiers'...She'll create more talk than any performer in seasons...TERRIFIC!"

GREAT AS THE ACCLAIM THAT HAS GREETED IT!



Irving Berlin

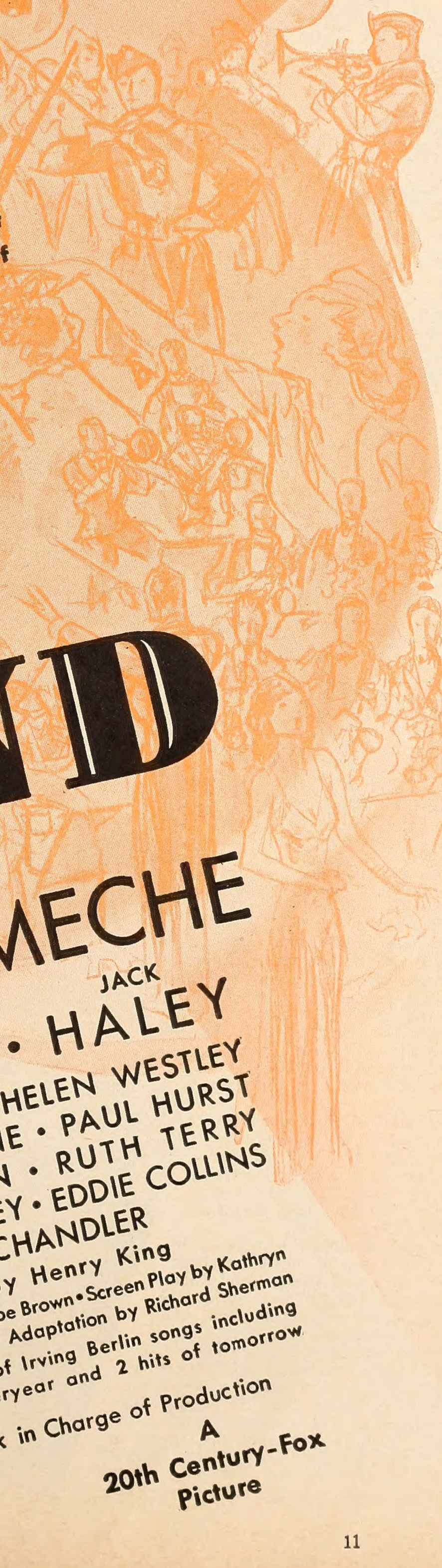
ALEXAN
RAGTIM

An American

TYRONE POWER • ALIC

GREATER THAN YOUR GREATEST EXPECTATIONS!

Against the background of our turbulent times
...the story of headstrong young sweethearts
who find love, lose it, find it again—through
the music that is their life! Rich with the Irving
Berlin melodies that have kept hearts singing
...glamorous with the dramatic panorama
from ragtime to swing...here is entertainment
triumphant from 20th Century-Fox, makers of
"In Old Chicago"!



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Cavalcade

TYRONE POWER • ALICE FAYE • DON AMECHE

ETHEL MERMAN • JACK HALEY

JEAN HERSHOLT • HELEN WESTLEY
JOHN CARRADINE • PAUL HURST
WALLY VERNON • RUTH TERRY
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • EDDIE COLLINS
CHICK CHANDLER

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Kathryn Scola and Lamar Trotti • Adaptation by Richard Sherman

Featuring a pageant of Irving Berlin songs including 26 favorites of yesteryear and 2 hits of tomorrow

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

STARRING SALADS

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Lure your family's jaded appetite with these prize recipes from a famous restaurant chef



Norwegian Salad with Deviled Eggs Runic, is really a glorified potato salad.

Cary Grant says men like substantial, filling salads with plenty of tangy flavor.



OUTSIDE one of Hollywood's most popular restaurants, the Vendome, a huge crowd gathers daily to glimpse their film favorites. Nor are they ever disappointed, for the place is overrun with stars. There are no "star-days" or special inducements. No, the Vendome simply goes in for awfully good food in a distinctly masculine atmosphere of heavy dark woodwork, quantities of edibles on display, a bar on one side, booths and tables on the other, and everything together in one large room where all can see and be seen.

So, everyone who is anyone in the cinema citadel stops in frequently. And all, on hot days, order salads! The men too? But definitely, yes! For when you serve salads as hearty and delicious as theirs, even the menfolk will go for them.

Of course we'd all love our own home-made salads to succeed like those at the Vendome. And why shouldn't they! For here are recipes from the Vendome's very own chef, together with some pretty obvious, but frequently neglected salad tips.

To begin with, according to none other than Cary Grant, men by and large abhor, despise and even resent sweet, bland salads of what they call "sample" size. When the charming Mr. Grant orders a luncheon salad, for instance, you can bet your bottom dollar it will be filling, and have a snappy flavor too. Such a salad is cole slaw with vegetables which he's enjoying here in the studio commissary. Or the Vendome's "Salad Bowl" of greens with a cheese dressing, or their specialties made with meat or fish. These are the kind that appeal to men, says Cary. So save your "pretty pretty" salads, your airy, creamy, decorative trifles for the bridge club girls, and give the menfolk something tangy and substantial. And here are a few pointers to remember:

A contrast of texture adds to salad enjoyment. So add such things as crisp celery to a smooth mixture, avocado to a crunchy one, and so on.

Appearances go a long way in assuring salad success. The salad plate should frame as pretty a picture as culinary art can produce.

Experiment with your own combinations. Each chef prides himself on his "Chef's Special Salad." Why not evolve one yourself?

A good salad can be ruined by a poor dressing. And the dressing of course is *never* added to salad greens until just before serving, or better still, right at the table, as the French do. Occasionally a salad is "marinated" in advance, however. One such recipe is included here. To "marinate" simply means allowing the ingredients to stand in the dressing a specified length of time to bring out the flavor of some foods.

Suit the dressing, the garnishes and the service to the salad. Remember that, as with clothes, you must not "overdress" if you seek masculine approval.

In restaurants like the Vendome lettuce is allowed to stand fifteen minutes in a sink partially filled with cold water and ice, after the coarse outer leaves, core and any discolored spots have been removed. The heads are then thoroughly drained in baskets or colanders before being placed in the refrigerator. Whether or not you follow this excellent procedure be sure your salad greens are crisp, cold and absolutely devoid of moisture before the dressing is added.

With these suggestions and recipes to guide you, why not

plan to "star" salads this summer? Then watch your friends and family come to the table with the same keen anticipation with which the glamor boys and girls flock to the Vendome for dishes like these.

"STAR" MAYONNAISE MIX

To each cupful of mayonnaise add 2 tablespoons each of chopped chives, chopped stuffed olives and chopped dill pickles. Just before serving fold in ¼ cup chopped hard-cooked eggs and ¼ cup very crisp chopped celery.

The Vendome's fish salads are made this way:

SEA FOOD SALAD, DE LUXE

Such fish as lobster, crab, salmon, tuna and shrimp, singly or in combination, may be used. Marinate the fish in a little French dressing for fifteen minutes. Drain thoroughly. Excellent to add to the fish at this point are such things as chopped celery, chopped watercress, endive, lettuce or chicory. Also diced cucumber. Moisten salad well with "Star" Mayonnaise. Place individual servings in lettuce cups. Garnish attractively with quartered hard-cooked eggs, minced sweet pickle and sliced stuffed olives.

NORWEGIAN SALAD WITH DEVILLED EGGS RUNIC

6 hard-cooked eggs
2 cans (3¾ ounces each) smoked Norwegian sardines
2 teaspoons prepared mustard
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
salt and pepper, to taste

Cut hard-cooked eggs in halves, crosswise. Remove and mash yolks. Drain oil from 1 can sardines. Add drained sardines, mustard and mayonnaise to mashed yolks. Mash thoroughly. Add salt and pepper. Stuff egg whites with this mixture and cut into thick slices, crosswise. Place slices, in "twos", on top of potato salad. Drain oil from second can of sardines. Arrange three of these sardines on egg slice "pairs" in fanwise fashion (see illustration). Garnish with sliced stuffed olives.

ROQUEFORT DRESSING, VENDOME

½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon onion salt
½ teaspoon celery salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon cayenne
3 tablespoons mild vinegar
⅔ cup salad oil
6 tablespoons crumbled Roquefort cheese
2 teaspoons anchovy paste
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
3 tablespoons lemon juice
(1 small garlic clove, finely chopped, if desired.)

Mix together the first six (dry) ingredients. Then add vinegar and oil alternately. Place in a jar or bottle which has a tight-fitting cover. Crumble cheese with a fork. Beat in anchovy paste. Add Worcestershire and lemon juice. Add to ingredients in jar or bottle. Shake well. Taste and add more salt and pepper, if needed. Finely chopped garlic may be added if desired. Always shake dressing before using.

This dressing is particularly good with any Salad Bowl of mixed greens such as endive, watercress, crisp lettuce and romaine. Using these greens as a basis one can exercise originality through various additions such as minced chives, sliced radishes, "Julienne" strips of raw carrots, cooked peas, sliced green onions, pearl onions, chopped celery, hard-cooked eggs, pimiento and others too numerous to mention. Particularly recommended by the Vendome chef is the addition of whole anchovies to the salad bowl.

Gossip at the beach!

JUDY: "He nagged and acted so terribly mean, it sure looked like a bust-up for a while. I really felt sorry for Jane."

ALICE: "Aw, be fair! Tom raised cain—but so would you if you always had to go around in tattle-tale gray. Jane was to blame for using lazy soap. It left dirt behind! Tom's shirts and her whole wash showed it."



SALLY: "Well, I'm glad the fuss has all blown over! If we'd only told Jane sooner how Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* hustle out every last speck of dirt—the whole mess wouldn't have happened."

MARY: "Better late than never! Since she listened to us and switched to Fels-Naptha Soap, everything's peaches again and they're off for a second honeymoon!"

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NEW! Great for washing machines! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

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And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing the germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of scalp to prevent dryness.

The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things

WHAT TO DO: Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution — 2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use this same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (For complete details of treatment, read folder in Zonite package.)

It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading. Because reinfection constantly takes place from hats, bed-pillows, combs and brushes.

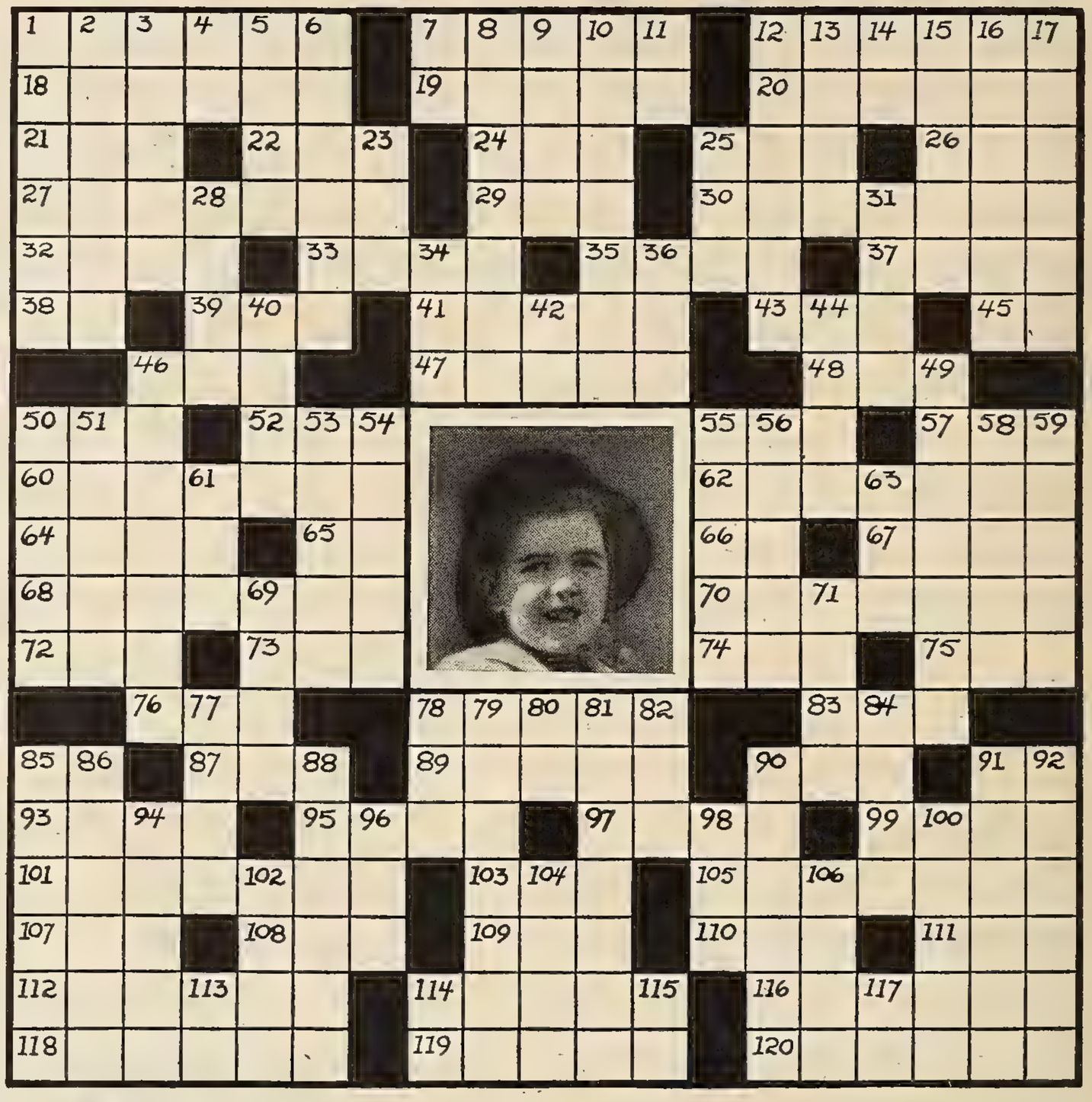
If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy—free from itch and nasty scalp odor.

At all U. S. and Canadian drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 910 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.



OUR PUZZLE



• ACROSS

1. First name of star pictured
7. Jellybean in "Yellow Jack"
12. Last name of 1 Across and star of "The Crowd Roars"
18. Heroine in "Four's A Crowd"
19. Loretta Young's sister
20. Mrs. John Barrymore
21. Ignited
22. Gene Au - - -
24. Fish eggs
25. "Women - - - Like That"
26. Studio stage
27. Usual
29. - - - trice Lillie
30. - - - - - - - Parker
32. "Meet - - - - Wolfe"
33. Anglo-Saxon slave
35. Require
37. Fish roe: dial. Eng.
38. "The Crime of - -. Hallet"
39. Remained seated
41. Star of "The Adventures of Robin Hood"
43. Exclamation
45. Mervyn - - Roy
46. Spider's insect trap
47. Former Russian rulers
48. Printer's measures
50. Kind of tree
52. "- - - Tide"
55. "- - - No. 99"
57. Greek letter
60. Movie "palace"
62. Jean in "Four's a Crowd"
64. National theatre chain
65. - - a Merkel
66. Edward - - nold
67. The captain in "Kidnapped"
68. John - - - - - - -
70. Our star's favorite actress
72. Witness a film
73. Exclamations
74. "Souls at - - -"
75. Beverly Robe - - -
76. Tattered cloth
78. Our star played with her in "Camille"
83. However
85. Italian river
87. Our: Fr.
89. Worship
90. It is: contr.
91. Glenda - - rrell
93. Death notice
95. Bustle
97. Wing-like parts
99. Anne - - - - ley
101. Opposite of mermaid: Var.
103. Young boy
105. Heroine in "Blockade"
107. Native metal
108. "That Certain - - -" is Deanna's next
109. Nova - - - beam
110. Aunt: Sp.
111. "- - - Baba Goes to Town"
112. Minority
114. Our star was in "- - - - - Comrades"
116. Treats with nitric acid
118. Anoints
119. Ethal
120. Mme. du Barry in "Marie Antoinette"

Answer to Puzzle on Page 82

PAGE

• DOWN

1. - - - - - - Young
2. Sarah in "Little Miss Broadway"
3. One who bites
4. - - elyn Venable
5. - - - - Hayworth
6. Mark to shoot at
7. - - ther Muir
8. Those who cut hair
9. American black plum
10. Our star played with her in "Broadway Melody of 1938"
11. Jack Ben - -
12. Shipworm
13. Joseph in "Vivacious Lady"
14. Jane Br - - n
15. Hard, twisted cotton thread
16. Henry - ' - - - - -
17. Film scene made again
23. "She Had To Say - - -"
25. High card
28. "- - - - of the Rio Grande"
31. Icon: var.
34. Snare
36. Bebe Dani - - -
40. Encourage
42. - - y Milland
44. Possessive pronoun
46. Woolsey's team-mate
49. Hero of "Shopworn Angel"
50. Volume of maps
51. Coastline
53. Our star's real name
54. Wild hogs of New Guinea
55. Shell fish
56. Subtle emanations
58. Vigilant
59. Bones of the forearms
61. Reverence
63. Weep convulsively
69. Person of Italian descent: slang
71. Most important harvest of India
77. Poker stake
78. Mining chisel
79. John Mannering in "Letter of Introduction"
80. Cesar - - mero
81. Grace - - - - - - -
82. N - - - Madison
84. Russia: abbr.
85. Our star's alma mater
86. Star of "Over the Moon"
88. Places on which movie sets are built
90. Partaking of tea: coll.
91. Nebraska town of our star's birth
92. George - - - - - -
94. Star of "The Joy of Living"
96. "- - - Woman's Answer"
98. Perform
100. Hidden supply
102. Magician: poet.
104. Scotch direction
106. Steel track
113. Ruby Keeler's husband
114. Tony in "The Show Goes On": init.
115. Ole in "Little Miss Broadway"
117. Kent - - ylor

MUM'S THE WORD FOR CHARM
IT'S QUICK, SAFE, SURE!



More Screen Stars, Housewives, Nurses, Business Girls, School Girls use Mum than any other deodorant

GIRLS in love, girls who are married, girls whose goal is business success—they all use Mum to protect their charm! They're smart about this matter of perfect daintiness—they have to be. For they know that just a hint of odor can make you lose out with friends.

Even a fastidious girl risks offending if she trusts a *bath alone* to keep her sweet. A bath takes care only of *past* perspiration, it can't prevent odor *to come.* Mum *can!* Underarms always need Mum's sure care, to give you the *all-day* freshness that makes a girl click in business or in love.

Mum is so easy, so pleasant to use! In Hollywood, where charm is all-important, Mum plays the lead with stars and featured players. On duty or off, Mum is the favorite with nurses. They like Mum's effectiveness, its gentleness, its speed. *You'll* like Mum, too! Buy Mum at your drug store today—this pleasant cream deodorant has all the things you're looking for to help you keep your charm.

ONLY 30 SECONDS TO USE. Two quick touches of Mum and you're through.

HARMLESS TO FABRICS. Mum's possession of the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering means Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric. You can put Mum on even *after* you're dressed!

ACTUALLY SOOTHES THE SKIN. Apply Mum immediately after underarm shaving and you'll notice its soothing touch.

MUM IS SURE. Mum simply stops every trace of odor—it does not stop perspiration. Smart girls use Mum after every bath and before every date. Then they never risk offending friends!



For Sanitary Napkins, too!
Thousands of women always use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know Mum is gentle, SURE. Don't risk embarrassment. Always use Mum!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Women everywhere are telling other women about Tampax, the new form of sanitary protection for monthly use. Tampax is *worn internally*. You can do your household work or office work or take part in outdoor sports without even remembering you are wearing it. You can wear the sheerest gown or a modern swim suit—no bulk, so nothing can show. Use Tampax this summer; a month's supply can be carried in your purse.

Tampax was perfected by a physician for *all* normal women. It is neatly and efficiently absorbent, doing away with pins, pads and belts. It will not come apart and so fail in its protection. *No odor*. Disposed of easily. Made of absorbent surgical cotton, greatly compressed, hygienically sealed in patented applicator. Endorsed by gynecologists. Sold at drug stores and notion counters—month's supply, 35c. Introductory package, 20c. If *your* dealer has not stocked, please use coupon.



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GOINGS-ON IN GOTHAM

(*Continued from page 6*)

Miss De Havilland as sweet and saccharine as some of the roles she had appeared in.

"*What* I have put up with!" Olivia began. "Why, do you know, with a good old Shakespearean name like Olivia, everyone on the lot calls me 'Liver'! And when I stepped off the boat in England, what am I confronted with? 'De Havilland to wed title!' Do I look like a girl who wants to spend her days in a drafty castle, with a cold in the doze, to say nothing of no good ole American plumbing? Nope, I'm strictly 'Buy American'. I do love the English country though, but strictly as a vacation land—not for a permanent home."

Hope Hampton has left New York and ensconced herself in a little shack of forty rooms, out in Beverly Hills. Hope, as you know, is working on "A Trip to Reno." She leaves the house each morning by six and returns by ten at night—sometimes by nine-thirty, if she hurries! Before she leaves California, on completion of her picture, Hope hopes to get a day off so that she can go through that house of hers and see just what it looks like.

STOPPING away up on Fifth Avenue —'way up on floor twenty-nine—we found Claire Trevor. Claire seems in a mood to finally appreciate F. D.'s urge for a New Deal. As a matter of fact, she's by way of getting a new deal for herself! What with a new contract with Warners, a new radio spot and a brand new hubby to boot! Now you must admit that this is quite a lot for a little gal to land in one fell swoop, but not when it's so well-earned as by the deserving Miss Trevor. Claire, as you probably know, received honorable mention by the Academy of Motion Picture Awards for her grand job in "Dead End." So now, with a new lease on movie life, you can look forward to seeing her become the pride of all those Warner Brothers out yonder!

Sheila Barrett, the inimitable mimic, has finally been corralled by the flickers. Yes, Sheila's to make a series of short subjects on her return from London. Miss Barrett is to be somewhat of a female Bob Benchley. Now that in itself warrants three rousing cheers, but when you hear what Sheila has decided to do, you'll realize just what a treat's in store for you.

"I've always liked pictures, but they were not for me until I found the right sort of role," Sheila admitted. "I'm no Harlett O'Scara and certainly I don't intend to be a threat to Martha Raye! That's why I haven't taken advantage of offers before.

"Now that we've hit on this new idea for a series, I'm pretty pleased, and right anxious to get started.

"You know, Adela Rogers St. John and I are working together on the scripts and we've tried out the first already. They're all character studies of women you meet. You know, the gal who says she wants to reduce, but gets cold feet the minute she sets eyes on the steam room. Then, there's the one who shows up for a week-end believing her hostess really expected her to come just because she was invited. After spending the week-end, she discovers she's in the wrong house and doesn't know the people after all. And, of course, there's the girl who goes to buy a new hat and, after trying on everything in the shop, picks up her own and decides that is the one she will buy!"

To be amusing these characters have to be accurately drawn and Sheila's certainly the one to do it. Why, she's been doing it for years, in the town's swankiest night spots!

She knows all kinds of people and her insight and observations are keen.



It's to Franciska Gaal, this petite Hungarian star, that Bing Crosby will croon in "Paris Honeymoon," their next picture.

SHE'S NOT AFRAID

(*Continued from page 8*)

as long as she was gaining dramatic experience.

Then Gloria learned that she didn't have to be on relief to work on the Federal Theatre Project. Immediately she applied for a job with the Los Angeles group, was given a try-out and cast as Diane in "Seventh Heaven." This play ran four weeks at the Mason Theater in Los Angeles. Next she played Moonyean in "Smilin' Through" which ran more than a month. One thing led to another and then came the role of Paul Robinson in "The Devil Passes." Her performance in that play did the trick.

Casting directors and talent scouts haunt amateur as well as professional theatres around Los Angeles in search of new faces, and a casting director from one of the big studios saw Gloria in this play. He was so attracted by her charm and ability that before the third act he was backstage making an appointment for her to have a screen test.

She arrived at the studio late, "because everything had happened to delay me that morning," she explained. "And maybe it's because I'm from Idaho, but I never hurry." She presented herself at the casting director's office and before she could say a word, he sang out, "Hello, Gloria!"

She was somewhat taken aback by the sudden familiarity, but if that was the studio way then that should be her way too, so, with an assumed bravado, she called back, as pert as you please, "Hello, Max. How are you?"

That pleased him. Accustomed to interviewing dozens of girls every week, and able to read beneath the surface, he recognized her sincerity and appreciated the attempt to meet him on his own terms. He arranged for her screen test, and two days later Gloria Dixon signed a long-term contract with that studio.

HER first role in "They Won't Forget" was a difficult characterization calling for a Southern accent and an actress thirty years of age, but Gloria came through with flying colors. It was a great break for a young, inexperienced girl. Also it was a task that would have intimidated many a more experienced actress, but Gloria is never daunted by difficulties. They seem to spur her on.

During the months she had appeared in the Los Angeles Federal Theatre Project plays she had continued to live in Long Beach, an hour's ride from the city. Rehearsals were called at eight-thirty in the morning, so Gloria used to rise at six and was on her way by seven in order to arrive on time. After rehearsing all day she appeared in the evening performance, and never got home before midnight. So Gloria knew the meaning of hard work before she ever started in pictures.

She has a tremendous respect for accomplishment and a terrific urge to do things herself. She has mastered the violin, writes poetry on occasion, enjoys wood carving and models with clay. She believes that everyone should have a hobby and thinks an actress, whose work is largely mental, should try to create artistic things with her hands, as a stimulating outlet. She works incessantly and isn't afraid to tackle anything.

Gloria isn't nervous when making pictures, even though she has stiff competition. She admits she might be, sometimes, if she weren't so lucky in having such understanding directors.

"I've never been afraid of any part," she confides. "I feel that if the people who give me these roles didn't believe I could do them, I wouldn't have gotten them in the first place."

"I'm not afraid of anything, really, except of being afraid. And when I feel fear coming on you can bet I take steps to do something about it."

Gloria has just married Perc Westmore, famous Hollywood makeup man, whom she met her first day on the lot. They are terribly in love, and very happy, because they have so many tastes and ideals in common.

Both Perc and Gloria love to go deep-sea fishing. They will spend excited hours playing huge Marlin, Bonita sharks and other sporting fish. What's more, they catch them—great big ones. When these two work they work hard. They play the same way.

Gloria is only twenty-one but she's already heading for big roles. And with her looks, talent and capacity for hard work we won't be surprised to see this ambitious girl go far.

HAIR THAT THRILLS!

Here's the Hollywood* Way to Beautiful Hair



WHAT a thrilling surprise awaits you the first time you use Drene—Procter & Gamble's amazing shampoo discovery. For you will find, as millions of women already have, that Drene leaves hair manageable, radiant, beautiful beyond your fondest dreams. Drene performs this beauty miracle because it magically removes dulling film left on hair by previous shampoos. Drene is not a soap—not an oil. Contains no harmful chemicals. It cannot leave a beauty-clouding film on hair to dull natural lustre; nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. Drene actually makes 5 times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so gentle, yet so active, that dirt, grease, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes—are washed away with a single sudsing and thorough rinsing. Hair is left sparkling clean this mild, safe way. Gloriously brilliant without the need of lemon, vinegar, or special after-rinses.

Today, you can give your hair a shampoo specifically designed to bring out its full individual beauty. For there are now two kinds of Drene; Special Drene for Dry Hair—Regular Drene for normal and oily hair. Get Drene from drug, department or 10c stores. Better beauty shops everywhere feature this shampoo marvel. A single shampoo will both amaze and thrill you.

To Remove Dulling Film That Clouds Hair Beauty—

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Shampoo

SPECIAL for Dry Hair
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Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Five whole years of your life...

HERE'S an astonishing fact . . . the days in an average woman's life when she needs sanitary protection, add up to five whole years or more!

That's a lot of days. Every woman ought to learn to make them easier, more comfortable days. So—if you are still buying the same brand of sanitary napkins you started buying years ago—here's news you ought to hear . . .

There's something better now! Modess—a napkin so much *softer* and *safer* that it is bringing new comfort and peace of mind to millions of women!

Cut a Modess pad in two and examine the filler. It's fluffy, soft as down—entirely different from the close-packed layers found in so many other napkins. That's why Modess doesn't become stiff and rasping in use—doesn't chafe.

Now remove the moisture-resistant backing inside a Modess pad and test it. Pour water on it—and you'll see how completely you can rely on Modess!

Yet for all its greater comfort and safety, Modess costs no more than any other nationally known napkin. So—when you buy napkins—insist upon Modess.



Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"



Anita Louise

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Lloyd Nolan


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THE CANDID CAMERA PREVIEWS

SPAWN of the NORTH

Paramount's Roaring Drama of America's Last Frontier



George and Dorothy caught in a clinch.

IT'S a busy day on the big Paramount lot in Hollywood. Director Henry Hathaway, famous for his ability to bring the drama of primitive emotional conflict, of thundering action, to the screen, is guiding Paramount's "Spawn of the North" through the final stages of production. On the set are such famous players as George Raft, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour, Akim Tamiroff, John Barrymore, Louise Platt and Lynne Overman. Beautiful Dorothy Lamour has forsaken her famous tropic sarong for the rough dress, the laced boots of a daughter of the northern wilds. Raft and Fonda are wearing oilskins. For "Spawn of the North" is set in Alaska of 1908, when feud law ruled as brother fought brother, friend fought friend for the priceless rights to the silver horde . . . King Salmon.

We ask permission to take a few candid camera shots to show you picture fans. Permission is granted and we snap away. The results speak for themselves. You can see Henry Hathaway has a

(Continued on next page)





George Raft mans the harpoon gun, on the prow of his seal boat, transformed into a fighting ship for the battle of the salmon grounds.



As the opposing craft comes into range, its decks lined with gun-toting battlers, George lets drive with his deadly missile, foundering the enemy ship.



The candid camera catches George and Dorothy doing the 1908 Alaskan version of the Big Apple.



It's a waltz now with these two hardboiled youngsters refusing to admit that love really calls the tune.



Alaskan Indians playing the ancient festival music, tribute to King Salmon who gives them life.



Just a glimpse of the thrilling battle of the salmon traps. Notice John Barrymore, standing at the right of the sailor with the searchlight. Henry Fonda at left.

picture to rank with his "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," his "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." But Paramount Producer Albert Lewin insists we visit a projection room to see the "rushes" as they come from the big cameras on the set. And we agree with him that no still shots can half do justice to "Spawn of the North." For candid camera shots can't give the thundering action. They can't give the breadth and the sweep of this story of America's last frontier of romance. They can't give the emotional impact of this drama of two men whose devotion to each other is greater than the fear of death itself. Nor can they reveal the poignant beauty of the romance which we believe makes "Spawn of the North" one of the great women's pictures of the year.



The luckiest shot of all. George Raft, Dorothy Lamour, and Henry Fonda pose for us between scenes.



The candid camera snaps a shot of George and his pal, Skipper, the smartest seal in all the Pribilofs.

ADOLPH ZUKOR presents

SPAWN of the NORTH

STARRING George RAFT

Henry FONDA • Dorothy LAMOUR

AND FEATURING Akim Tamiroff • John Barrymore

Louise Platt • Lynne Overman

DIRECTED BY HENRY HATHAWAY • PRODUCED BY ALBERT LEWIN

Screen Play by Jules Furthman • Based on a Story by Barrett Willoughby

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

A Year Without My Jean

by Jean Harlow's Mother

I KNOW that there is no death. There is only one other thing I know as well, and that is my love for my Baby. The only death is in the cutting yourself off from the one real thing, which is life—and light. There is no death. This year has proven that. My Baby has shown me that. She came back to prove it to me. A little later I shall try to find words to tell you how she proved it to me.

When you have been so hurt all the way through, it is very easy to go into a dark place and close the windows and doors and just efface yourself, turning your back on light and life and people—the things the Baby loves. That is, at first, the one great desire—to hide.

For the first eleven months after the Baby went away, I was not really here either, not consciously. I sensed what people said to me and answered them. But I didn't really hear what they said. I didn't really realize what I said. I went through all of the motions of living like an automaton. I was in a state of trance.

During all these past months I have stayed here in my little house, the house I am now leaving, the Baby's pictures all around me, the flowers she loved the best breathing their love of her. I saw almost no one except Bill Powell, the Baby's "Poppy," whom she loves so very dearly. I went nowhere. Bill, hoping that a change might help me, persuaded me to take a sea trip, to go on to New York. I went to please him, in appreciation of his thoughtfulness and his gift. For my trip was his Christmas gift to me. But I took my grief with me and found that I was more desolate away than I was at home.

I know that my Baby was with me. She had always told me that she would never leave me, that we had been together many lives before this one and could never be separated. I felt it. I *know* it now. But I am still flesh and blood, still on this plane of consciousness, where the loss of the little human things, the sight of her, the touch of her, the sound of her voice, the ability to do the little every day things for her mean so deeply, terribly much to me.

When my Baby was here, every day was a new, a thrilling experience to me. Every day, when the Baby was here, I would think, "Well, hurray, here's another day I can do something for my Baby." You see, there wasn't a moment of her life that I didn't know that she was my sunshine, my life, my world; not an hour that I wasn't actually throbbing with joy that I had that Baby. No human being ever got more joy out of doing just the every day things than I got out of doing them for the Bunny. I loved taking care of her personal things, keeping every littlest thing of hers exquisite and fresh and dainty. Marketing was

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Bob doesn't know the meaning of temperament or self-pity. And he has no illusions about fame, either.



Maureen O'Sullivan furnishes plenty of love interest in Bob's fight picture, "The Crowd Roars."

right at rough-and-tumble stuff, but they'd be sunk up against a boxer. Why, they wouldn't last three rounds with Taylor. He's the best amateur boxer this town has ever turned out."

I repeat, if I hadn't heard it myself, I wouldn't have believed it. These weren't press-agents. They weren't critics, neither were they connoisseurs of acting. They were prize-fighters, experts in boxing. And Taylor not only rated with them, he rated tops.

They fell to talking about what actors might give him some competition in the ring. The last I heard, just before Bob arrived and got a big greeting from the boys, they had agreed that the only three capable of giving him a boxing bout were (surprise!) Chester Morris, George O'Brien and Pat O'Brien.

Except for the fact that he was a bit browner, Bob didn't look any different from what he had the last time we met, during "Three Comrades."

"Why? Should I look different?" he inquired, in the next breath asking the waitress, "What's good to-day?"

She answered, "Well, there's corned beef hash on the menu, Mr. Taylor." I said, "I hear you're not only playing a boxer but that you actually are one."

He grinned sardonically, as much as to say, "The press-agents have got to you, too, poor guy." What he actually said was, "I'll take corned beef hash, with a side dish of mashed potatoes and gravy. How about you?"

The waitress departed and I continued, "Did you ever do any boxing before; in college, or anywhere?"

"Nope," he said, reaching for a hard roll. "They didn't have any boxing coach at Pomona when I was there."

"Then how did you pick it up so fast?"

He swallowed a chunk of roll and said, "I had to. This picture's an exposé of the fight game, behind-the-scenes stuff. I couldn't just go through the motions, just do the old left-right. I had to know something about the tricks of boxing. And I had to pick 'em up fast.

"Johnny Indrisano coached me. Johnny used to be a very good fighter. He was never a champ, but he's beaten champs in non-title matches. He knows his stuff, and how to put it across. He gave me plenty, working from nine to six, fourteen days in a row."

"After those fourteen days, did you feel more like making a picture or taking a rest cure?"

Bob grinned. "After the training for 'A Yank at Oxford,' this wasn't so bad. This was concentrated on just one thing. And I was in condition to start with, thank Heaven, from gym work and horseback riding.

At that moment, I noticed his right thumb, twice the size of the other and as rigid (*Continued on page 81*)

"My eyes bulge like a bull frog's!" storms Bette. "And my mouth is—ugh—like a small rose-bud!"

Bette Davis

by

Gladys Hall

THE PROJECTION room was plushy dark. A handful of us were watching the rushes of "Jezebel." Bette Davis and Director Willy Wyler sat in the front row. And Bette, as Jezebel, insinuated herself across the screen, as subtle as sin. Suddenly Bette let out a yelp that splintered the silence. She shrieked, "The *homeliest* face—I have the homeliest face I've ever seen!" Director Wyler whispered fiercely, "I'll never let you see the rushes again, young woman, never!"

The rushes over, Bette walked across the lot to the Green Room in sullen silence. She looked as though she had just witnessed a major catastrophe and might never recover from the effects.

At luncheon I said, "You didn't really mean it?"

"I did too," snapped Bette. "I can't bear my face. I can't *stand* it!"

"Oh, come," I said, considering the blue of the Davis eyes, the fine-textured skin, the mobile mouth, the pale gold hair, "oh, come off it. Your eyes are . . ."

"They are vile," stormed Bette. "They bulge like a bull-frogs. I detest them. My neck is long, like an ostrich's. I am the living image of the original drawings of Alice

"Am I Homely!"

—Bette Davis

Do you like "confession" stories? Well—here's one for the book!



A "glamorized" Bette with Henry Fonda in "Jezebel."



Bette with her adored husband, Harmon Nelson—"Ham" to her.

in 'Alice in Wonderland.' If you want to know what I look like to myself, think of the drawings of Alice with the telescope neck and the bulging eyes and the long, limp light hair, and you'll see Davis as she sees herself. When they were preparing to make 'Alice in Wonderland' a few years ago, I wrote letters pleading with them to let me play Alice. I went into details about my bulgy eyes, my long neck. I told them they couldn't *miss* on me. They thought I was being funny.

"If I could only look in the mirror one fine day and find something else reflected there! I know that's impossible, and so," said Bette, "I ignore the whole thing. I never look in the mirror except when I am on the set and one of the things is stuck under my nose every half hour and I think, ohmigod, do I have to look at that again! Otherwise, I never look at myself, but never. I've never owned a compact. I do my hair without looking in the mirror. I put on lipstick without looking in a mirror. Funny thing, it's a family trait. My grandmother did her long hair for fifty years without ever using a mirror. My mother does the same thing. So do I, but with me it's more than a family trait. It's also the instinct of self-preservation. I am entirely serious when I say that I have one of the homeliest faces I have ever seen. I can't bear it."

"Your mouth," I suggested, "your figure?"

"I loathe my mouth," wailed Bette. "My mouth," she continued scornfully, twisting it into such contortions as made it look as though she would twist it right off her face, "my mouth is horrible. It resembles, of all despicable things, a small rosebud. It is ineffectual, meaningless, skimpy. You should *see* it without lipstick! You couldn't see it. I simply daub it with lipstick to make it look larger. I never look at it until after I've put the lipstick on. I hate my mouth. My figure? Well, I'll never understand how I'm on the screen at all. I have about as much sex appeal as a pelican!"

"You must hand yourself *something*," I said. "You can't be so completely biased or no one will believe what you say. You must like something about yourself."

"I can't help whether anyone believes me or not," said Bette, a little less violently, "though why people shouldn't believe me, I don't know. I always tell the truth and shame *every* devil. And I am entirely honest when I tell you that I have one of the homeliest (*Continued on page 92*)

The People's Choice!

Yes, it's Caballero Gene Autry by a landslide—and here's why

Ina, Champ and Gene, above. Below, Gene takes over Smiley Burnette, left, and Ken Cooper at checkers.



Gene Autry

by James Reid

'WAY BACK in his Oklahoma days, Gene Autry wrote a song called "Cowboy's Heaven" with a pal, Frankie Marvin. Maybe you've heard it. It's a cowboy classic. The first four lines go:

"Tonight I'm a tired, weary cowboy—
I've been in the saddle all day—
Searching the hills and the valleys
For cattle that strayed away . . . "

Gene still sings it that way. But if he weren't so gosh-darned modest, he could sing it something like this:

"Tonight I'm a tired, weary cowboy—
I've been in the saddle all day—
Riding some scenic locations
For movies that pay and pay . . . "

He wouldn't be human if he weren't "tired" and "weary" at the end of one of his working days. I know. I've just been on location with him.

He's human, all right. Samuel Goldwyn recently said, "judging by the popularity of Snow White and Charlie McCarthy, people are tired of looking at people." But Sam overlooked Gene Autry. Gene receives forty thousand fan letters a month—an all-time Hollywood record for any player. And his pictures pay and pay—everybody except Gene.

He was making only $5,000 per picture, on a contract that called for eight a year, when last winter he asked for a new arrangement. $40,000 a year doesn't go very far when you spend $2,000 a month just answering fan mail, and sending out photographs that have been asked for. Besides all that, Gene has a stable to keep up, you know.

Another studio offered Gene $100,000 to make a dude-ranch picture with Shirley Temple, but his own studio wouldn't let him do it. Neither would they give him a raise, so Gene calmly boarded a train and set out on a personal appearance tour.

Everywhere he went he was mobbed. He broke theatre records. He was earning better than $3,000 a week. At that rate, his studio had visions of never getting him back They got an injunction, halting his tour.

That, however, didn't bring Gene to his knees. He still said, "No raise, no work." Desperately, his studio tried to replace him. They pushed a former bit player into a picture which Gene had been scheduled to make. (Meanwhile, amazed congressmen were receiving letters, urging them to pass a law to keep Gene in pictures! They forwarded the letters to him.) En masse exhibitors demanded Autry pictures. He and the studio *had* to call a truce. He agreed to do two more pictures at the old salary, after which, the studio agreed, his contract would be rewritten.

So here I found him, back at work after five months, making a picture called "Gold Mine in the Sky."

To celebrate his return, his studio was spending two weeks on the picture—with ten days on location. (Once upon a time, Gene made whole pictures in less than ten days.) The setting for this one was a wooded, lush-green valley, 7800 feet up Tahquitz Mountain in the San Jacinto range, a hundred and fifty miles from Hollywood. There's scenic mountain country nearer Hollywood, but, as Gene says, "it's wore out from too much use."

The company operated out of Tahquitz Lodge, a big log lodge, surrounded by smaller cabins, all in a grove of tall pines, looking out over a vast mountain meadow where deer graze and wild creatures prowl at night.

GENE'S TWO-ROOM, two-bed cabin was atop some big stones up which steps had been chiseled. Theoretically, he had stellar isolation. Actually, he hadn't. With the camp crowded, the star was sharing not only his cabin, but also his bed, with some of the hired hands. The pal who shared his bed complained, "Gene's like a pinto that ain't been broke yet. He like to kicked me to death last night."

Even when he's asleep, apparently, Gene is a man of action. Awake, there's no doubt about it. On location he's up at four-thirty a. m., is eating breakfast at five, on his way to the day's film site by six, and making his first scene by six-thirty. He works till the light begins to fade, around five-thirty p. m., with only an hour out for noonday mess. He's in practically every scene, and "take" follows "take" in rapid-fire order.

At seven a. m., he may be stunting on his dark-chestnut horse, Champion. (And, as a stunt rider, he's practically four horsemen in one.) At eight a. m., he may be strumming a guitar, singing a love song to the heroine (the closest he comes, usually, to a love scene). At nine he may be bantering with Smiley Burnette, his comical two-hundred and fifty pound side-kick. Whatever the scene, at any hour of the day Gene is ready for it. That's why he's a hero even to the men who work with him.

He eats a man-size dinner, then (*Continued on page 74*)

Love Comes Once

by Gladys Hall

WHEN, IN "Marie Antoinette," Norma Shearer returned to the screen, she came from a far place.

I didn't know how far a place until I talked with her the other day in her dressing-room, a dressing-room all gold and cream, with one framed photograph of Irving Thalberg, on the desk, facing Norma as she talked. For then, for the first time since her husband's death, Norma talked of the long journey she has been on. For the first time she talked of Irving Thalberg, of the children, of her home and her work.

And, as she talked, I thought how beautifully true Norma runs to her type, how, honest in everything, she is honest also in grief. For Norma has the courage to look pain in the face and call it by name.

She said, "There were a couple of stories written about me while I was away from the screen, stories that spoke of my return to the screen as a problem I must be facing. I didn't give the stories, of course. I talked to no one for publication until I was well along with "Marie Antoinette." I had no photographs made in that year and a half. There was no problem, because everything seemed so very unimportant. I had first to know whether I was going to live, whether I would or could live.

"Grief does very strange things to you—not the things, I've found, that we are led to expect. I had heard of people who almost died from shock immediately following the death of a loved one. I didn't seem to feel that shock for two weeks afterwards. On the contrary, I felt terribly wide-awake. So wide-awake that I couldn't close my eyes. I seemed to be possessed of an incredible energy and activity. I didn't want to sit down, to be still. I talked all the while. Then, at the end of two weeks, I collapsed. When they told me I had pneumonia I was delighted.

"That sounds morbid. I don't mean it to sound that way. It was simply that I didn't want to live. But how do you stop living when you want to? You don't know what to do, or how. There are no ways out. That was why I was delighted when I knew that I was very ill. I thought that Someone merciful was opening the door for me.

"After I recovered from that illness, I went to Arizona for a while. Then I went to New York. I was told that it would help to travel. It did the opposite. There is something lonely about traveling, even under happy circumstances. When you are really traveling alone it is intolerable. Perhaps it did help me to rid myself of habits. It is dangerous to form habits when one is ill. I had a nurse sleeping in the room with me. I knew that wouldn't do. So I made the first move by having her sleep in the adjoining room, the door opened. Then I had her close the door. Then I had her sleep in another room. And finally I sent her away. Now I am used to being alone and it is less difficult.

"People have asked me what I did all that first year at home, away from the screen, without all the activities I knew when Irving was here.

"That is another curious thing about grief. I'd been told that time drags when one is in sorrow. It wasn't so with me. I think it was because I was so dazed. There was no time, as we know it, no time marked out into weeks, days, hours. In a state of trance there is no time. That's how I found it. Something just passes over you and the first thing you know it is six months, then it is a year, and there you are, having done nothing that you can remember. I am honest when I say that I don't know what I did that year and a half at home. Somehow, it slipped away. When Irving was here I was so conscious of time, because then every minute together was precious.

PEOPLE SAY, too, that children are the one great consolation in grief. I did not find that to be true. I went on living for the children's sakes, of course, but they did not help me in sorrow. They hurt me. They were like scourges to sorrow because I felt their loss as well as mine. The baby, of course, was too young to have a consciousness of what she had lost. But little Irving knew. I had to tell him. He has taken him over a year to come back to his usual self again. Now he is going to a military school here in Hollywood, and I think that is helping him. There is something about the wearing of his uniform, or perhaps it is the routine and discipline, which acts as a challenge to him.

"There is no consolation," Norma went on. And, as she spoke, she looked up at the blue sky shining down on her through the wide dressing-room window. "I don't look for solace, knowing how futile it would be to seek for what isn't there. I can not salve the wound by repeating the old formulas, 'there was some reason for it,' or 'such things have to be.' It was not all for the best. No reason is good enough. Such things should not have to be. I don't believe that anything so cruel as separating two people who loved each other as Irving and I did is anything but wrong and unnecessary and wasteful. I haven't tried to turn to people for advice and solace. I know what it is I am facing, and I (*Continued on page 72*)

She has known "the real thing," that's why Norma will never re-marry



Norma Shearer as Marie Antoinette, in her first picture for over two years.



Watch Out, Wayne!

by Katharine Hartley

NOTHING SUCCEEDS like success, and nothing flops like it, either. And that's the thing that Wayne (Kid Galahad) Morris is afraid of. Wayne has been called one of the overnight successes of the last few years, but he has too often heard of what happens to overnight successes on that dreary morning after, to think that it is all just one glorious fun-spree. At hale and hearty twenty-three his inclinations are naturally to the fun side. "But darn it all," as he himself has said, gazing six feet and two inches away at the second largest pair of feet in Hollywood, propped up on a chair in front of him, "a fellow's got to say 'whoa' sometime, and I guess it's about time I said it! Being an actor is a responsibility, and I'm just now beginning to realize it."

The realization came not so many weeks ago when Wayne was assigned to do the young lead in the Technicolor "Valley of the Giants." In the beginning Wayne had the vague idea that he had probably been chosen for the "Giant" picture because of his aforementioned six-feet-two. But then he learned that the "Giants" were the giant red-woods of California's northern forests, and that the story was no hastily cooked up dish, either. He also discovered that this story had been filmed twice before, once in 1919 with the great Wally Reid, and again in 1927 with Milton Sills. Now here was he, a "punk," as he calls himself, about to embark in the same role, and expected—yea, ordered—to follow in such glorious footsteps.

"That buffaloed me, and on top of it I learned that the studio was prepared to spend over a million dollars on the production. Now when nobody expects you to amount to anything, and by some strange twist it turns out that the fans like you, then that's one thing. But when they expect you to do something, and then you don't! Well, you can see why I haven't been sleeping quite as peacefully as I used to."

But before insomnia takes too much of a toll, we have something to say to you, Mr. Wayne Morris—a warning. The question is, should you change, and go from a light-hearted boy to a serious actor? An actor has to keep on studying, that's true. There are some actors, like Paul Muni, whose forte lies in studied acting, but there are others, like you, whose greatest charm lies in their own very natural personalities. If you do begin to take this business seriously, and suddenly find yourself with great ambitions, at least we hope you'll keep a charming balance between your serious side and the effervescent twenty-three-year-old youth who is such a great part of your appeal. We



Does Morris realize that a career easily gained may be just as easily lost?

have seen some of that youth in action, and we know how it clicks with the public.

There were several very vital and refreshing scenes which occurred while Wayne was on location with the "Valley of the Giants" company in the timber country near Eureka, California, recently. A day after he arrived there, Wayne, the collegiate part of him, was standing in the middle of a junk yard, looking around for a car. He spied a 1923 sedan that still had all wheels intact, and he thought that would do. The junk dealer wanted twenty dollars, so Wayne bought it at once. At that point the junk dealer didn't know who Wayne was, nor that he also had a powerful big roadster at home in Hollywood. He thought Wayne was just one of the local poor boys. He still thought so days later when he saw Wayne, with about fifteen others in the sedan, tearing around the town. Brakes screaming, dust flying, they skidded to a stop at first one drug store, then another, piling out each time to refresh themselves at the soda fountain. They honked the horn incessantly and then drowned its aged sound with their own very boyish and hilarious laughter.

IT WASN'T until the second week that someone tipped off the junk dealer as to who Wayne really was. It was a delightful surprise. The junk dealer told his young son, who told his buddies, and from then on Wayne was hounded by kids screaming for autographs. He gave them too—by the hundreds. The kids followed him everywhere, even to work. At noontime, the wisest of them stood close behind in the studio lunch wagon and the man in charge of the counter never could understand where so many of his sandwiches disappeared to. Heck, Wayne could conceal three sandwiches in those oversized paws of his, and in this way they were passed along to the lunchtime kid-kibitzers.

All this wasn't exactly what you would call dignified star-behavior, but its very spontaneity was exactly what made it so delightful. In everything that Wayne does there is this quality, accompanied by that impetuous boyish grin. It's because he has put this into his screen roles that he has been such an instant success. Yet while his success has seemed instant to us, it wasn't quite that simple for him. Nor was "Kid Galahad" Wayne's first picture, as many people suppose. Wayne tells it this way:

"While I was studying at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, a Hollywood casting director spotted me and gave me a fifty-dollar-a-week contract with a three months' option. My first role was a bit in 'China Clipper.' I had a close-up, and I was supposed to have one speaking line, which I worked on for days, but they cut that out! 'Polo Joe' was the next. In it I had another line, and fortunately that one stayed. And that was my talking debut on the screen. Later I heard that the studio had bought 'Kid Galahad.'

"I had read the story and was crazy to do it. So right then and there I did a little press-agenting for myself. The first person I went to see was the writer who was working on the script. I gave him a sales talk, but he looked as though he thought I was crazy. So then I went to the producer. I told him, too, that I was the fellow who could do it. He didn't know me either, wouldn't even believe I was a contract player until he called the front office to check up. They all thought I was nuts, but I kept after it. Then, more to shut me up than anything, they gave me a test. Well, I looked all right as a prize-fighter, it seems, but they still didn't want to take a chance on me in such a big picture, so they put me in another one, 'The Kid Comes Back.' Only the kid was just starting then. I was awfully green, but they liked it anyway, so they decided to let me do 'Kid Galahad,' and hold the first picture until later. In between those two I also made a couple of other pictures, and in both of those I was supposed to be the comedian. So you see it wasn't quite such a Cinderella success as some people think. I had had a little

(*Cont'd on page 76*)



His mother is mighty proud of Wayne's fast rise to the top of the ladder.

Left, Wayne makes love to Priscilla Lane in "Men Are Such Fools."



Janet, her mother and "a friend" doing the beach at Waikiki. Everybody happy? Well, yes!

Janet's success hasn't been accidental. It's been carefully planned.



THE ONLY thing in this world you're sure of is what's inside yourself. That's what you have to live with. So why not make the best of it?"

It was Janet Gaynor talking. Not preaching. Not leaning from a height to proffer gobbets of wisdom. The words had been drawn from her by persistent questioning. Hearing them, I felt that they held the heart of her mystery.

For her mystery is a legend. "Talk about glamor girls," says Hollywood. "They're transparent compared with little Gaynor. What does she like? How does she spend her time? Whom does she see? Tyrone Power and Margaret Lindsay. Yes, we know they're her friends. But that's all we do know."

I learned a little more when I went to see her—not much. I'd heard a story, for example, of the night she went to the preview of "A Star is Born." Her mother had elected to stay at home and listen to the broadcast. Janet came down in a black chiffon dress and a white corded silk jacket. She touched the orchid in her hair. Like a girl going to her first dance, she pirouetted for the approval of the company, then came to a graceful halt.

"Look, kids. See anything different about me? Don't you see *any*thing?" Sorry, not a thing. She fluttered her lashes at them. "Well, of course, for the first time in my life I wear false eyelashes, and I don't get a tumble. Never mind. I'll make an impression yet. I'll blink them at the first producer I meet in the lobby—and they'll fall right off."

Then there was her trip east to attend the President's Birthday Ball. Her studio's publicity director presented various schemes by which they might grab space in the newspapers.

The Mystery of Miss Gaynor

by Ida Zeitlin

"Glamor girls," says Hollywood, "are transparent compared with Janet!" And Hollywood isn't easily fooled that way

He hoped she might agree to one of his milder ideas. "For instance, you could auction off your dances. That would be dignified, wouldn't it—with the money going to the President's Birthday Fund?"

"Yes," chuckled Janet. "And I could also turn somersaults. But you know perfectly well I won't do either."

She'd agreed to go to the ball as a guest, not a publicity-seeker. As a guest she went. That the President of the United States should have smiled as she danced by, should have murmured, "She's cute as a button," was just her publicity agent's good luck. The story hit every front page in the country. But that didn't in any way alter Janet's position in the situation.

She lives in a rented house, which alone provides food for speculation. Moreover, the house lies not in the hills of Beverly or Bel-air, but in the heart of town. Unless you were looking for it, you wouldn't see it, hidden behind a mass of tangled greenery.

You follow a drive to a rambling structure of gray shingles and dormer windows, nestled under sweeping pepper branches. So dense is the foliage that your first impression is one of undisciplined profusion. There's no landscaped formality to trees or shrubs, yet a second glance reveals how cunningly they've been trained to keep all their own beauty without shutting out the beauty of sunlight and shadows.

You enter a room that presents no striking effects. It's the kind of room you might have grown up in, if your background was one of middle class comfort. Nothing obtrudes itself. You're aware only that the chairs invite you to sit in them, that the pictures were hung, not by decree of an interior decorator, but because of dear associations, that the fire on the hearth strikes dancing lights and shadows from a burnished brass wood scuttle. It's a welcoming room. It seems to bid you relax.

SO DOES its mistress. She comes in, a slight, redheaded figure in slacks. Her brown eyes, clear as a brook, are both frank and kindly. Her manner is unaffectedly simple. Her smallness, her heart-shaped face, her dimpled chin, a gentleness about her, suggest the childish and the clinging. As she talks, that impression vanishes. Little by little, it's borne in upon you that Janet stands securely on her own feet, that she's achieved a maturity of outlook which has nothing to do with years.

She's apart from Hollywood only in that she doesn't follow the pattern. She doesn't feel superior to it. She lives her life in greater material comfort, but otherwise as she would have lived it if she'd never seen Hollywood. She spends her time seeing people she likes, doing things she enjoys. It's as simple as that.

She laughed at the notion of herself as a woman of mystery. "I know. Everyone thinks I'm remote. And it's funny, because I love Hollywood so. I'd rather live here than any place else in the world. If I'm not seen about much with movie people, (*Continued on page 97*)

by

Faith Service

Joan now rules the Bennett roost alone— and loves it! Yes, she's the modern matriarch



The youngest Bennett is a dictator in crêpe de chine —and admits it. Right, with her daughter, Diana.

After Divorce—What?

IN MY HOUSE," said Joan, "we are women without men. We are, literally, eight women without men—and it's wonderful! There is myself, the two children, the children's nurse, my house guest, the three maids. Eight women and—a super-efficient burglar alarm! I haven't even a butler in the house. I do have a chauffeur but he is 'outside help.' I found that when I had a butler, there was always trouble in the house. Either one or more of the maids would fall in love with him and there would be trouble. Or they wouldn't fall in love with him, and then there would be another kind of trouble.

"And so now, except for dates and guests, we are women without men, and it works like a charm. Life is as peaceful as a perpetual Armistice Day. I feel relaxed for the first time in my life. I am completely content.

"I have two supreme ambitions. The first is my hope that I may bring the children up to be nice young women, charming mentally, physically, socially. If I fail in this, I will indeed have failed. If I succeed, I shall have achieved the success I care about the most. My other ambition centers in my work. And I think that if I give all of myself to these ambitions which are, in a way, one, I will be giving just about all that I have to give."

I said then, more bluntly than tactfully, I fear, "Well, but you'll be getting married again one of these days, surely?"

"I will not," said Joan firmly. "Not for a great many years." She added, "Why should I?"

Joan was saying, "I have my children. I have my home. I have my work. I have my friends. I can see no earthly reason why I should marry again. Love? Possibly. But I am out of my teens. I have been married twice. Both times for 'love.' And so love is not likely to come to me like a storm again, sweeping me off my feet. I have been married twice and unsuccessfully. You can't go on interminably playing with trial and error, cause and effect. That's stupid.

"I like working out my own life. I believe that marriage is wrong for women who are economically independent. At best, it is difficult. For, when a woman has a career of her own, earns her own money, the balance of power is upset. The very fact that she is such a woman makes her think like a man, gives her the dictator complex.

"I have the dictator complex," smiled Joan. "I've often been told that I'm a dictator in crêpe de chine, but I never would admit it before. I didn't like the taste of it. Now I do admit it. Now I am free. Now I can be a dictator, comfortably, without stepping on anyone's toes, offending anyone's pride. Now I am the head of my own household, the arbiter of my own destiny, my own woman. And I love it. Now I am a matriarch."

I LAUGHED. A figure less like the popular conception of a matriarch could not possibly be imagined. This youngest of the Bennetts is so gentle, everything about her so fastidious, so almost excessively feminine that she deceives you. You have to look closely to perceive that there is a small steel hand beneath the lace mitt, a masterful meticulous brain beneath that cap of shining gold hair. You have to remember that the Joan who adores perfumes and jewels and furs is also competent to balance household budgets and business ledgers (and does), loves to fly, goes to the races, disciplines her children as a Spartan mother must have done.

"You know," Joan was saying, "the definition of a matriach reads: 'A woman holding a position analogous to that of a patriarch in a family or tribe.' The definition of a matriarchy reads: 'The (*Continued on page 88*)





Joan is with Randolph Scott in "The Texans" and, right, with her "ex," Gene Markey.

He'd Rather Be Himself

by Charles Darnton

Is that Bob Taylor? Or is it Ty Power?

No, it's Richard Greene himself, thank you!

HE'D RATHER be himself than a couple of other fellows, even if those two were that madly adored and highly pictorial pair, Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power.

Not that Hollywood's brand-new Britisher, Richard Greene, feels a bit above 'imself, as they sniff at 'ome. Lawks, no! Nor is he that affectedly casual English actor who might airily remark, "I'd heard about Hollywood, so I thought I'd just pop over and see what it was all about, y'know."

This ever-Greene boy (woodman, spare that pun!) who went right to work here making love to Loretta Young in "Four Men and a Prayer" —if you can call that work—is refreshingly simple and modest, especially for a young stranger heralded as Taylor and Power rolled into one.

"It is a great compliment," he graciously acknowledged, "but I'd rather be myself, thank you."

He is. For this handsome six-footer from over the sea is definitely an individual. As regards his double façade he is far more like Taylor than Power, and huskier than the two of them together. Indeed, he is the one English importation since Ronald Colman to bring virility to the American screen, so much so that he promises one day to step into the seven-league boots of that admirable and enduring veteran.

Surely the British picture producers must have been dozing over their afternoon tea when they let this strapping lad get away from them. Aside from his own no mean charm, this lusty newcomer has the charm of novelty. He is more than welcome, if only by way of contrast to the English actors, narrow of shoulder, flat of chest, and spindly of shank, we've been getting these many long-suffering years. It is not too much to say, perhaps, that American audiences want something more than cup-and-saucer balancers.

Then there's the appalling situation in which our more or less healthy actresses find themselves with these ethereal drawing-room performers. Milady of Hollywood no sooner risks physical comparison with one of them in a scene than she remembers lines which have nothing whatever to do with the script, whereupon she despairingly rushes home and hits the old diet a new wallop.

BUT IN Mr. Greene, a sound piece of British young manhood put soundly together, there is hope for the starving. The hope might upon occasion even assume the proportions of a square meal. Playing opposite him should be gratefully reassuring to the Hollywood actress who has not completely lost her taste for food. For once she could be herself, just as he prefers to be himself.

"So far as I can see," he protested, "my only resemblance to Taylor is that I've got a 'widow's peak.' Taylor has darker eyes than my greeny-gray ones. Of course, we both have dimples, but I can't do anything about my face. Until I came over here, I wasn't even conscious that I had the damn things." (*Cont'd on page 90*)

Richard likes American girls, movies and motor cars, and hopes he can spend the rest of his life with all of them.



'Tisn't So!

by Robert McIlwaine



'It's for amateurs to be bashful, not for me!'' states Olympe, who's been acting since she was a year and a half old.

Olympe Bradna's never been kissed?

Well, don't you believe it!

OF COURSE it isn't so," Olympe Bradna stated emphatically. "I have been many times kissed! Why, it's part of my job of acting. I think it's all so silly. As if anyone cares whether I've been kissed, or ever will be! Someone in the publicity started it and they should have told me first, then I would have said, 'I have many times kissed.' You know, they asked me to cooperate, but how can I when every time I get off the train newsmen ask that same silly question. 'Is it true, Miss Bradna, that your first and only kiss was in "Stolen Heaven?" ' I am sick of it I tell you!

"And, do you know what some writer said? That I was so temperamental I wouldn't do the kissing scene till everyone left the set. How ridiculous! Would a prize fighter refuse to knock out his opponent until nobody looked? Of course not! It's his job. Mine is to act, so I do whatever the part calls for.

"As for temperamental people, I hate them. Another thing, it's for amateurs to be bashful, not for me. I've been acting since I was a year and a half old. My family were professional people long before my time, even back to when the Louis' ruled France, so there's nothing strange about it to me. I am very much at home on the stage."

All this in one burst of good ole Americanese, too. In case you're under the impression that Olympe Bradna, charming Frenchie, has trouble with her languages, calm your fears. She's as adept as you or I when it comes to English—never at a loss for words. In fact, she's quite an opinionated young lady!

It took only one routine question to get her going! When we inquired if *she* sang in 'Stolen Heaven,' or had a voice dubbed in for her, she was off to a flying start—though definitely evasive.

"Well, I *can* sing, but I don't like it. What I want to do is dance. Ballet and lots of it! I love dancing," Olympe exclaimed, brown eyes sparkling. "You know, I've studied dancing since I was *so* big. I studied singing, too, for three years. Of all my teachers I think I like my latest best of all. He's John McCormick. He is so sweet and we get along fine, but even so, I like ballet better. Some day I'll do all ballet and be very happy, just you wait and see," she added mischievously.

We'll wait *to* see, but certainly not as a member of the Doubting Thomas Club! For if (*Continued on page 89*)

Put Your Best Face Forward



A candid shot of Loretta Young, voted the most beautiful actress. Looks like a "snap" of you, perhaps?

Ginger Rogers caught in an off moment. Most of her features are really undistinguished.

Natural shots of herself are Carole Lombard's delight. In fact, the wilder they are the better she likes them!

I WOULD BE willing to wager a small sum that the most frequently-asked question about the movie belles is this: are they as beautiful off the screen as they are on? The answer can't be one simple unadorned yes or no. Most of them are not as gudgeous when you meet them on the street as they are when you see them on the screen. With very few exceptions, that is true. However, that's all beside our pernt. Our pernt is that these movie stars —most of them just average, good-looking gals, with personality and allure eking out their modicum of beauty—have learned to utilize their best points so that you are never conscious of their bad ones. Never, that is, until the candid camera fiend catches them in an off moment.

As you can see for yourself by ye candids on this page, movie stars can look silly, unglamorous or tacky as the case may be, even as you and I, when they're caught in these unposed off moments. Of course, we all know that these candid camera enthusiasts spend their lives hiding in trees and things solely for the purpose of catching the famous when the famous ain't looking their best. We're not meaning to be nasty in contrasting the funny pictures of your favorites with the pretty ones. We jus' wanna show yuh, that's all.

"Well, how am I going to make the most of my good points?" you ask. "How am I going to minimize my bad points? Maybe I haven't a good point!" To the last, I say phooey. Everyone has at least one good point. Even if you haven't one single good feature to your name, you can manufacture a "good point" out of personality, out of freshness, neatness, sweetness and chic. And then, of course, there's make-up, that blessing of disguise for modern womanhood.

Even Greta Garbo relaxes once in awhile, and shows us her bad points. Now will you believe there's hope for everyone?



Loretta with glamor—hair perfectly groomed and every feature showing to greatest advantage.

Ginger's eyes are her good feature. Simple but effective make-up accentuates them.

Carole knows she can look this way when she wants to just by using a few tried and true beauty tricks.

The extraordinarily clever eye make-up used by Garbo emphasizes the beautiful structure of her expressive face.

Take lessons from the stars, who know how to make the most of their own good points

by Mary Marshall

Sit down and consider your eyes and mouth. The eyes or the mouth—or both—are the best places to start when you wish to glamorize a face. Ginger Rogers' eyes are her one good—really good—feature. For the rest, Ginger is pert and cute and she has a darling figure, but her other features are undistinguished, even as yours and yours and yours. Garbo's extraordinarily clever eye make-up is what really sets her face apart.

Look yourself right in the eye and consider what you can do to make those eyes more lovely. First, the brows—how are they? If they're heavy, that's fine, provided there are no stray hairs giving the brow line an untidy look. Are your eyes a little too close together? There are all kinds of fancy measurements for determining whether eyes are too close together or not; but you know perfectly well you can tell by simply looking in the mirror. Well, if they are, go ahead and pluck a few hairs, very carefully, from the inner side of the eyebrows. Take some shadow—brown if your skin is dark, blue or gray if your skin is fair—and blend it into the outer side of the eyelid. Take a soft eyebrow pencil and lengthen your brows at the outer side less than an eighth of an inch—no more, for more will look artificial. These tricks will make your eyes look bigger and brighter.

Do your brows grow too close to your eyes? Wash your face with warm water and soap and rinse with plenty of water, and while the brows are damp, brush them up vigorously with a small brush. Line them up, top-side, with the little brush so that they don't look shaggy. Then brush a little oil or cream onto them while they're raised so, and take some mascara—not a pencil—and make them up a little if (*Continued on page 103*)

He Wants to Disappear

by Martha Kerr



"I want to put away enough money," says Slim, "so that I can loaf and be unknown."



Here is Slim and his new bride, "Brownie." She was once his nurse, and now—

IN AN EXTRAORDINARILY tall, thin house by the sea lives an extraordinarily tall, thin man by the name of George Somerville. You know him as "Slim" Summerville. Only you don't know him at all. You just think you do.

He lives, George Somerville, not Slim Summerville, all the year 'round in this house by the sea, wedged in between other seashore houses, at Hermosa Beach. Most of the time his five-year-old adopted son, Elliott, is with him. Also, his dog, "Troubles." He never goes anywhere. Except for his original trek around the country when he was in his teens, he never has been anywhere. He has lived in Hollywood for twenty-four years, and has never been to the Troc' in his life, never to the Brown Derby, never attended a premiere, nor even a party. He has never been to New York in his life. Nor to Europe. Doesn't want to go. Doesn't want to do anything, not even think, more than is literally necessary.

He seldom goes to the movies, George Somerville. He hasn't seen even his own latest pictures. He's never heard Garbo talk. The last time he saw her was when she made a picture with John Gilbert. The only recent pictures he has seen are those starring Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. He likes Gable and Tracy, thinks he must "make an effort" to see "Test Pilot" pretty soon because of Clark and Spence. There is a neighborhood theatre less than three blocks away from Slim's tall, thin house with the pea-green painted door. His pictures are shown there, but, "I'm too lazy to go," says Slim. His dad goes, and tells Slim how he did.

He reads murder mysteries. They require the minimum of mental effort. He's never opened a volume of Shakespeare or Dickens, a tome of philosophy or psychology in his life, and never will. He listens to the radio, because it doesn't require any exertion. His dad turns the dials for him. And Slim can doze without being rude to the invisible entertainers. He fishes. His huge living room is stacked with fishing rods of all sorts. There are, also, large trays of cigarettes and huge dishes of salt water taffy strewn about, but no books. There is a framed photograph of the boy, Elliott.

Slim fishes for days on end. He doesn't swim. "Too lazy to swim," he says, "but I wade around quite fancy." He has no pals among the picture people. He plays golf occasionally with Bing Crosby, Andy Devine and Dick Arlen. They are silent men, like himself. When a picture is finished he has his own unique method of relaxation. He charters (*Continued on page 99*)

Slim advocates the "making oneself scarce" theory





"I'd like to be gay and witty in pictures, but they always hand me an old hyena role, and I keep right on barking," says Miss Oliver.

"I've been stage-struck ever since I was your size," confides Miss Oliver to Miss Temple. "I bet you could act, too," Shirley admires.

She's a Softie

by Charles George

IT TAKES nerve to call on her. First of all, she lives miles away in the country. Then, reaching the little white house on the hill, with its green lawn climbing up from a white picket fence, you face barred gates, and are confronted with a sign reading, "Beware Police Dog!"

That stops you. What to do? You, an utter stranger, don't like to stand in the middle of the road and yell, "Edna! Edna May! Oh, Edna May Oliver!"

Perish the thought! So you survey the hazardous situation. What might have been taken for rural peace now strikes you as ominous silence. The detective in you, without stirring a foot, discovers that beside the closed garage stands a car. And under its rumble seat undoubtedly there crouches a bloodthirsty beast, ready to leap out and tear you coat from pants.

Come, come, man! That yard must be crossed, even as the Rubicon. But your tortured imagination conjures up still another vision, that of a Betsey Trotwood in sports clothes, flying out at you and beating you off as she would those luckless donkey-boys in "David Copperfield." Drat the thing! Manfully you unbar the gates and stride through with all the outward assurance of an irrepressible Armenian rug-pedler.

Quaint. On the door, and polished right up to its handle, is a brass knocker vaguely reminiscent of dear old New England. You lift it—not without the lurking dread of a swift and savage rear attack. Knock, knock. The door is opened by a smiling housekeeper. Hers is the most beautiful face you could ever wish to gaze upon, serene and aglow with welcome. "Miss Oliver," her voice as lovely as herself, "is expecting you. Come in."

Yet, left cringing on the edge of your chair in the living-room, you again give way to that helpless feeling of not knowing what may come on four feet before your hostess arrives. From where you sit you glimpse the music-room and cast a furtive glance at the grand piano lest it be a dog-house in disguise.

Presently your twitching ear catches a nameless rustle in the hall. Thank heaven! It is Edna May Oliver in the flesh—what there is of it. Tall, gracious, distinguished in black and white kimono and silver and black slippers, Hollywood's finest character actress stands before you. But she is not in character. Unlike her brusque screen image, she is all kindliness, (*Continued on page 101*)

Edna May Oliver reluctantly admits that her bark is worse than her bite



Green satin leaves are appliqued on the skirt and shoulder straps of this delectable dance frock worn by Simone Simon in "Josette." Its skirt is of white silk net, the bodice of soft green satin. Always right for the ingenue type.



Lightweight wool tweed fashions Ginger Rogers' practical two-piece suit of burgandy flecked with the same blue that is inset in the broad shouldered jacket. Its sleeves and back are cut on the bias. The smart hat is a black sailor.

TO SPARKLE in sleek sophistication, or to ingenue in wide-eyed ruffles! That is the sartorial question, answered, at least cinematically, in the current crop of pictures. Apparently each type is devastating to the susceptible male, so decide on your own particular aura, and choose your wardrobe weapons accordingly.

Both sides of the debate are effectively presented in Warner's "Gold Diggers in Paris." Rosemary Lane confines her wardrobe to girlish simplicity to win Rudy Vallee, and Gloria Dickson does all right with various other gentlemen, in exaggerated slinky gowns.

Nearly all of Miss Lane's evening things bow to young modesty with some sort of shoulder swathing. One has a swirling skirt and fitted sparkling bodice cut rather low, but draped with a cowled sheer cape. A diagonally striped chiffon has shoulder strap clips for its only decoration. A white satin with built up skirt and inverted "v" bodice has a chiffon scarf caught with a clip at the throat. A floor length matching satin cape, square shouldered, tops this gown.

For the street, Miss Lane wears a trim bell boy top coat buttoned tightly to the waist, and falling free to reveal a slim skirt in redingote effect. A military looking visor hat completes the picture. Miss Lane chooses a peasant print dirndl with high waisted skirt and full sleeved guimpe for a backstage scene. The dirndl, that boon to the young and slim (but very trying to ladies whose only lines are in their faces) has made a permanent place for itself in the fashion firmament.

Miss Dickson wears a spectacular cross two-skin scarf on two occasions. Once, the scarf tops a long sleeved black gown shirred from the high neck to well below the waist, where the skirt is released in front fulness. Accessories for this outfit are a wide belt with huge metal buckle and a tiny pill box hat.

Another shirred bodice gown for Miss Dickson has a wide lamé belt and high cone turban crushed in at the top. A huge rhinestone clip and flower corsage at the high neck are effective accents on a black sequin gown.

Royer has cunningly combined the little girl with the "going places" effect in Simone Simon's "Josette" wardrobe. Boxy jacketed pajamas with a round necked black Basque sweater, very young, serve as a boating outfit. Still in the girlish division are a box jacket suit with white vest and wide white revers, and a white swing skirt frock with black vest and a slim coat worn with plaid ascot and the merest dot of a beret.

At which point Miss Simon becomes a night club entertainer and she and her wardrobe both go to town. However, this young star combines a childish quality with a serene poise, making her adaptable to either type of gown.

Tiny leaves form the drop (*Continued on page 85*)

Wardrobe Weapons

by Marian Squire



Richness of material combines with demure youthful flattery in Margaret Sullavan's silver gown with its uneven cape. She wore this one in "Three Comrades."



Perfect for travel, business or general wear is this three-piece suit worn by Ginger Rogers in "Vivacious Lady." The fitted jacket and Chesterfield coat top a gracefully flared skirt.

Know your type, dress your lines, and get your man!





Jean Hersholt and Marjorie Weaver in "I'll Give a Million."

Highlighting Hersholt

by George Benjamin

ASK ANY Hollywood star what the average life of a player in the movies is and he'll answer, "About five years; ten, with luck!"

Jean Hersholt is proof perfect that they're all fibbing! That is, fibbing in a way! For, Jean Hersholt has been under contract for twenty-five years out thar, with only a three-week lay off in all that time. Now you must admit that that is somewhat of a record.

Another little item in the way of records is his collection of Hans Christian Andersen works. Recently Hersholt unearthed eleven unpublished manuscripts which make his collection the finest in the world. Prior to this discovery, the National Danish Museum had the edge on everybody, but with this new find, Hersholt's tops them all.

Among Jean Hersholt's several claims to fame is that he is probably the only male star to play with five leading ladies at one and the same time, none of whom fight over billing! Yes, and what's more, he has rated two return engagements with a possible third before school's called. We refer to those five famous Frenchies—the Dionne Quintuplets.

"This time I go to Callander with real excitement," Hersholt began. "You see, the last time I worked with the Quints, they were not yet what you might call average children. That is, with babies born as they were, it takes time to catch up with the ordinary child of their own age. I saw them a couple of weeks ago and you'd hardly believe they were the same little tots of two years ago. Why, they're as smart as whips and every one of them is just as bright as a dollar.

"They know how alike they are, and try to fool you. I asked them which was Marie and with a mischievous twinkle in their eyes, each one said, 'Me!' When they get a new nurse, they try to fool her by mixing their things up a bit. All their clothes are initialed, so when the nurse comes in, Marie or Emilie or Annette (*Continued on page 102*)

Did you say an actor can't last? Jean's celebrating his silver jubilee!

Off Their Guard

Meet the cham-peen tennis player among women movie stars—Miss Ginger Rogers! Here you see her going after a fast one.

Photos by George Strock

Ginger Rogers and Gilbert Roland sit this match out to watch that cute little Sonja Henie perform.





Wham goes the first ball. With Sonja showing such speed and form how can anyone watch that pellet?

With all the grace and confidence you'd expect of a champ, Sonja trips airily onto the court ready for action.



Tennis Time

Alice Marble and all others had better look to their laurels now that Sonja's entered the field—for this gal has a way with her.

Remember Valentino?

After twelve years, The Sheik comes back, as beloved as always. Here are the highlights in his career. 1. Rudy with Nita Naldi in "Blood and Sand." 2. With Ian McLaren in "Monsieur Beaucaire." 3. With Vilma Banky in "Son of the Sheik." 4. With Gloria Swanson in "Beyond the Rocks." 5. Modern Screen pays tribute to a great artist.





Lily Pons says "yes" to Andre Kostelanetz, orchestra leader, in a surprise summer wedding at her Connecticut estate.



Not Juliet but Lily looking over the small group of guests for a special "catch" to receive her coveted bridal muff.

Wedding Bells

Gladys Swarthout, left, and Grace Moore get in a few hasty good wishes before the famous bride and groom take off.

Away they go with all the tell-tale trimmings! Notice Andre's license plates with his initials and Lily's lucky "12."







The Robert Youngs arrive at the famed Trocadero.



Here they are seated with Irene Hervey and Allan Jones who are married—or did you know?

Helen Hayes Night



Norma Shearer, who gave the party, talks it over with guest of honor, Helen Hayes, Jimmy Stewart and Charlie MacArthur.





This time that popular gal, Merle Oberon, arrived with George Brent.



Believe it or not the brunette with Buddy Adler is Anita Louise.



What goes on here? Margaret Sullavan hugs John Swope, her hubby's pal.



Claudette Colbert must have told a very funny one to Spencer Tracy.



Hollywood honors Helen Hayes for her stage portrayal of "Victoria Regina"

Tch, tch! His Operation



"Bergen, I'm in misery—but I'm not sick enough for this!" Charlie McCarthy protests as Edgar takes him to the hospital.



"We'll soon see what's eating you," the surgeon assures McCarthy as he probes under Charlie's bark to see what pains him.

During the operation, Edgar Bergen, Charlie's best friend and severest critic, paces the floor, anxiously awaiting news.



Baffled by the strange ailment, the surgeon says, "Your pulse is 104!" "That's good," says McCarthy. "When it hits 105, sell!"



Now, with squeaks and termites removed, and a few gadgets grafted on his limbs, Charlie receives floral greetings.



Bob Taylor, Babs Stanwyck and her adopted son, Dion, at the Horseshow. Ranchers Bob and Babs both exhibited horses.

Watching the Horses

Is the stars' favorite pastime—especially when their own perform



A couple of bookies? No, my pets, it's Harold Lloyd and Pat O'Brien picking the winners—they hope!

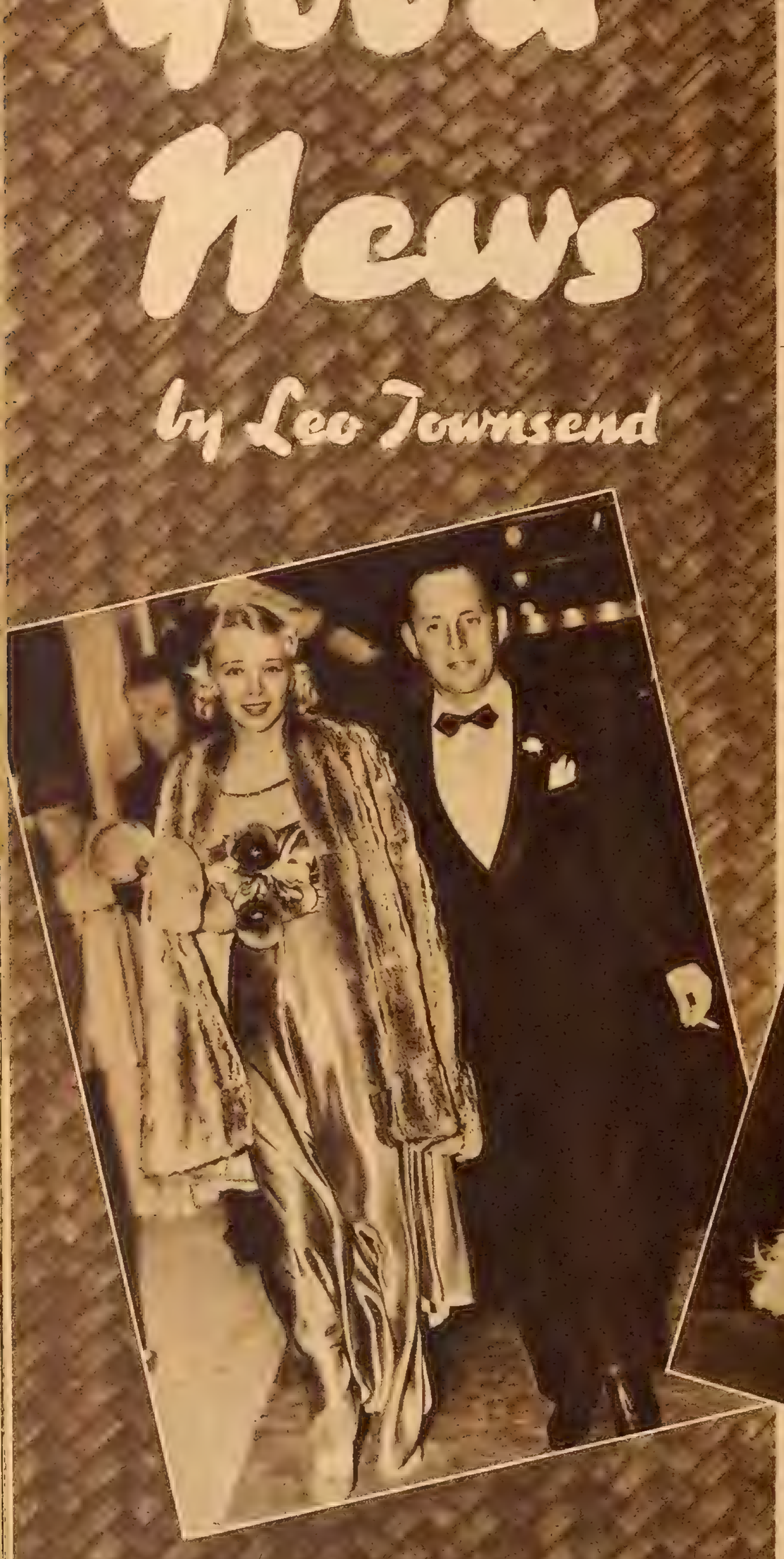
Despite rumors, here are Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford at the Hollywood Turf Club.

Cary Grant tips off Jack Oakie who recently lost fifty pounds —but not on the horses!

Gentleman farmer Clark Gable initiates Carole Lombard into some of the joys and problems of being a horse breeder.

Good News

by Leo Townsend



Step out with the stars—and our inquisitive reporter—and see what goes on in Movie Town

The Hollywood Turf Club, the town's newest racing plant, opened recently with everyone present but Bing Crosby and the sun. Bing had to work, and the sun was evidently spending the day in Florida. The track, bigger than Santa Anita but not as beautiful, took in $500,000 from 40,000 customers on opening day, and this is considered good, even in Hollywood. Main feature is an indoor paddock and thirty-six bars, where winners can celebrate, and the other 39,000 can work out their alibis.

●

The indoor paddock is an innovation with a real Hollywood touch. Located in the grand stand, it is surrounded by several tiers of standing room, where the celebrities can watch the horses before they go to the track, and vice versa. On opening day the following conversation, not verified, was reported. Seabiscuit: "Isn't that Carole Lombard up there in the third row?" War Admiral: "Yes, and I just saw Claudette Colbert and Barbara Stanwyck. You may not believe it, but I'm as nervous as a colt!"

●

Gene Autry is the most up-to-date cowboy in all Hollywood. Reason is that he now possesses a "saddle radio." The thing was designed by Gene's cousin, Raymond Priddy. The set fits in one saddle bag, and the batteries in another. And they say Gene's horse, Champion, is quite fond of the new contraption, and enjoys every program—with the possible exception of "The Lone Ranger."



The J. W. Rubenses (she's Virginia Bruce) and the John Barrymores, right, see "Alexander."

Newest romance in town is the George Brent-Merle Oberon twosome. They made their first public appearance at the "Victoria Regina" opening, in company with Jimmy Stewart and Norma Shearer. The Shearer-Stewart combination has no romantic leanings. They've been good friends for some time.

●

On the set of "Josette" Director Allan Dwan halted proceedings,

turned to Joan Davis and said, "You know, it would help considerably if you read your script." "I know," said Davis, "but if I read the script it spoils everything for me when I go to see the picture."

With a convention in town and Helen Hayes opening in "Victoria Regina," mobs of people showed up outside the Biltmore Theatre to watch the stars. Many of the minor players in "Victoria Regina" stood out front until the last minute just to get a glimpse of the stars who were coming to watch them. When Janet Gaynor arrived with Tyrone Power the crowd closed in on them, and Mr. P. and an unidentified stranger had to hold them off until Gaynor rushed inside the theatre.

Our More-Darn-Fun editor, just back from a scurry through the society columns of a Hollywood paper, reports the high times and gay goings-on at a party given by the Gene Raymonds. The evening ended, according to the paper, with everyone "trying to whistle a tune after eating soda crackers." That's a dandy way to end almost any party.

Can anyone tie Don Ameche's record? He spent his college career in four colleges, and wound up a junior! The four schools are Columbus College in Iowa, Marquette in Milwaukee, George Washington in Washington, D. C., and the University of Wisconsin at Madison. And Don insists he left each one of them of his own accord—no special requests.

Kay Francis and Humphrey Bogart have struck up a close friendship on the set of their picture. "Just a nice family feeling," Humphrey explained, for one of Kay's exes, Kenneth McKenna, and Humphrey's ex, Mary Phillips, have just been married. A romance between Kay and Humphrey would make things even cosier, but Kay's still got the baron on her mind and Humphrey's marrying Mayo Methot in August, just as soon as her divorce becomes final.

Out on "The Sisters" set, Anita Louise was having a terrific time. It was in a scene with Bette Davis, and Anita kept blowing up on her lines. At first it was thought that a crowd of visiting Shriners was the cause, but later Anita said she didn't even notice the fezes. Being in a scene with Bette, whom she ardently admires, was causing all the jitters.

Johnny Weissmuller reached the semi-finals in the golf tournament out at Lakeside. Ruby Keeler's at it again out there, too, after a year's vacation from golf. And Clark Gable's taking lessons every day—this being a sport he hasn't tackled with much interest heretofore. The reason seems to be that Carole Lombard can't see it for dust. Many of the stars are expert at more than one outdoor sport. Tennis, golf, riding and swimming top the list of favorites, with polo a close runner-up. They're a clever lot—these players.



The lady in the Hungarian wrap is Ilona Massey; the gent in the tux, Michael Whalen.



Here is Joe Penner with wife, but without duck, at the premiere.

Franchot Tone doesn't forget the little woman when away on a fishing jaunt. While on that trip with his father and brother back in the White Mountains he took time out to express a mess of trout, on dry ice, to his hard-working Hollywood wife. Each fish was named after a character she's played in pictures.

Out on the "Head Over Heels" set, Olivia de Havilland was

Alice Faye, "Alexander's" heroine, rates both Richard Greene and hubby, Tony Martin.

Constance Bennett featuring a bird of paradise feather and Gilbert Roland.





having the time of her life. All mussed up, with stockings down, smudges on her clothes and face, hair snarled up, she told us she was never happier than looking like this, and hoped the script would call for a few more fights with Dick Powell. Dick is still wondering just how she meant that statement.

Two years ago when an ice carnival played Hollywood its co-stars were Jack Dunn and Sonja Henie. Dunn, the hit of the show, was immediately signed by one studio. Miss Henie was placed under contract by another one, and you know what happened to her. Dunn stayed for a year, drew a salary, and never got before a camera. Then he left that studio, went to a new one, and the same story repeated itself. At the moment, however, he's actually working. The picture, "The Duke of West Point," will be released soon, and if it's successful they'll follow it by starring young Mr. Dunn in "The Life of Rudolph Valentino," a story based on the career of the Great Lover of the silent screen.

Hollywood's a strange town! Bob Taylor, who only a year ago was billed as "beautiful" by his studio, is now a prize-fighter in "The Crowd Roars." Sigrid Gurie, the alleged Fjlash from the Fjords of Norway, admits that Brooklyn is dearer to her heart than Oslo. Luise Rainer, who has played a wife in every picture she has made, thinks the role is out of character in real life. And Mike Romanoff, the phoney prince, was jerked out of the cast of "Ellis Island," where he was portraying himself, because Darryl Zanuck didn't think he looked phoney enough.

Max Baer is back at Metro, but this time he's making a short. The other day a friend asked him whom he was going to battle in the picture. Said Max, "A couple of guys Bob Taylor softened up for me in 'The Crowd Roars.'"

Good Deed Dept.: When Joan Crawford appeared on a recent radio show she received a $5,000 check for her work. Instead of banking it, she turned the money over to the Motion Picture Relief Fund, where it will be used to help needy extras.

Una Merkel was pleasantly surprised the other night at the Ice Follies when a group of kids surrounded her and demanded her autograph. She was all set to sign when one of the youngsters said, "Gee, I wish we could see you skate sometime, Miss Henie." Una, who has never been closer to ice than a good cold lemonade, signed anyway.

Jane Withers is wearing makeup for the first time. In her recent picture it fell to the lot of Carmencita Johnson, Jane's long and true friend, to haul off and sock her. All for art, figured Carmencita, and she did a good job of it. The shiner was so glossy that the next day make-up men had to do a little retouching on it.

Bazooka Boy Makes Good: Bob Burns, reporting his income in court recently, revealed that in 1937 he made $400,000. He also revealed that in 1934, only three years before, his total take was $1500. Quite a difference, you must admit.

Maybe Charlie Middleton isn't too familiar to you as a name, but every kid in the neighborhood knows him. He plays that meanie dog-catcher in all the "Penrod and Sam" films. Other day he got out of his car on Hollywood Boulevard and was surrounded by jeering youngsters. Charlie thought he'd prove his heart of gold and his good intentions by taking them into a corner drugstore for sodas. They stopped hissing long enough to gulp the sodas, then took off. When Charlie came out he found all the air gone from his tires.

Jean Hersholt is considering the possibility of suing Shirley Temple for alienation of affections. Arriving in Callander this time for "Five of a Kind," he found conditions changed from his last visit.

Simone Simon combines business with social life—Gregory Bautzer, best beau and legal adviser.

A new romance? Well, Owen Davis, Jr., and Virginia Field, anyway.



Before, he was the movie star whose pictures always hung on the nursery walls, and the quints gave him their undivided attention besides. Now he says Shirley's pictures adorn the walls and the quints can be found gazing at her likeness right in the middle of a conversation with him.

On the set of "Suez" we joined a group talking to Tyrone Power between "takes." Tyrone was showing everyone a picture he had just received from a fan. It showed Tyrone Power, Sr., at the height of his stage career, with Mrs. Power and Tyrone, Jr. Power, Sr., had written across it, "This is my finest production."

Evidently the studio plans to make a dude out of Wayne Morris—or perhaps it's a direct reverse of the technique once used with Bob Taylor. At any rate, Morris, who usually plays he-mannish roles on the screen, has been ordered by his studio to spruce up a bit when he's not working. Studio executive eyebrows have been raised several times when Wayne showed up at previews sporting a sweat shirt.

Freddie Bartholomew is taller than Aunt Cissie these nights—a good excuse to step out.

They are searching for a young man to play the lead in "Golden Boy," and have just issued the requirements. The eventual Golden Boy, according to the studio, must have a head like Tyrone Power or Errol Flynn, eyes like Tyrone Power or Charles Boyer, a nose like Cary Grant or Wayne Morris, a chin and mouth like Robert Taylor or Franchot Tone, the courage of a prize-fighter and the soul of a violinist. Note to the studio: You're looking for Maxie Rosenbloom.

The lady and gentlemen farmers of San Fernando Valley all turned out for the recent Valley Fiesta and Horseshow. Among the proud owners and exhibitors were Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck. Taylor's and Gable's horses each won several events, but the item of the day was that Barbara Stanwyck's adopted son, Dion, appeared in public for the first time with his mother and Bob Taylor.

Our youngest diva, Deanna Durbin, attends with the Jimmy Wallingtons, of radio fame.

Questions-Without-Answers Department: What prominent male star is a regular patron at a Hollywood beauty shop? He goes there because the locks women movie patrons swoon over need a twice-monthly marcel.

If you don't think picture dialogue has improved in the last few years take a look at the revival of "The Sheik," one of Rudolph Valentino's most successful films. In one scene, after Valentino has kidnapped Agnes Ayres and brought her to his boudoir, she asks, "Why did you bring me here?" Valentino replies, "Are you not woman enough to know?" And when Walter Long, the villain, has captured Miss Ayres, he orders one of his men to bring her to him, and to see that his current mistress is kept out of the way. Says Long: "Fetch me the white gazelle—and guard closely the jealous one."

That house Jimmy Stewart and John Swope just finished building cost them $5,000 apiece. It's strictly bachelor's quarters, but they have an agreement. First one to get married has an option on the other's half of the house. If the little woman likes the place, the unwed co-owner takes his $5,000 and moves out.

There was much hemming and hawing on opening day of the Hollywood Turf Club when people noticed Bruce Cabot with Barbara Stanwyck. One local columnist even announced a rift in the Taylor-Stanwyck romance. What happened was that Taylor had to work and couldn't go to the track that day, so Barbara and Zeppo Marx, who share a box at the Club, asked Cabot to join them.

Claudette Colbert, back from Europe and lovelier than ever, with hubby, Dr. Joel Pressman.

Now—Apply Vitamin A the "Skin-Vitamin" Right on Your Skin

FOR YEARS we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—who hasn't heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin! Lack of this "skin-vitamin" in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That's all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, "Where can I get some of that 'skin-vitamin' to put on *my* skin?"

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this Vitamin

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this "skin-vitamin." Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this vitamin. It's the same grand cleanser. It softens and smooths for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Use Pond's Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond's Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin" back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond's, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels, same Price

Pond's Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.



MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, young New York society woman, grandniece of **MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT**: "With Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks soft—not rough or dry."



MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART, beautiful as when she came out: "The use of Pond's Cold Cream has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth."

Most People don't know these Facts about Vitamin A and the Skin . . .

First Published Reports

In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") applied to the skin healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

Tests with Pond's Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin.

I. Dietary—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

II. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" actually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin!

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

The Role of the "Skin-Vitamin"

The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" deficiency

Dryness, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a Dull Appearance.

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MOVIE REVIEWS



★★★ The Rage of Paris

Universal and everyone else has been waiting for some time to get a look at Danielle Darrieux's first American picture. Well, it's here, and the little French miss seems to have everything. She has looks and personality, is adept at either comedy or drama, and, to top it all, she positively does not sing. And when Washington sees her they'll probably cancel the French war debt.

The story contains nothing startling, but the dialogue sparkles, and Miss Darrieux, assisted by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Broderick, Louis Hayward, Mischa Auer and others, keeps things moving at a merry pace.

An impoverished model looking for work, Miss D. goes by mistake to the offices of Mr. Fairbanks, and starts to remove her clothes. Mr. Fairbanks, being a movie gentleman, is horrified, thinking she's trying to compromise him and grab some of his money. Situations get more complicated from there on, and the result is a sleek and streamlined modern comedy which will win Miss Darrieux a large American audience.

Most of the footage goes to La Darrieux, who scores tremendously in every scene. Fairbanks, Jr., is splendid as the bewildered young executive. Directed by Henry Koster.—*Universal.*



★★★ Blockade

A good picture which should have been a great one, "Blockade" offers first-class melodrama, even though it fails to be an outspoken and fearless denunciation of the Spanish Insurgents. In many ways, however, it is a brave and courageous film, and one which will be talked about.

Its story, for the most part, is formula stuff about the beautiful spy (Madeleine Carroll) and the honest soldier (Henry Fonda), and only in its closing moments does it attain the stature it should have had throughout.

Both Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda are competent, although Miss Carroll's screen personality still lacks warmth. Fonda's closing scene, in which he denounces war as murder, is the picture's most effective moment.

War scenes are typically present-day. No soldier-to-soldier fighting is shown. Instead, the Japanese and Italian method of killing non-combatants is depicted. Best scene shows the people's faces as they watch a relief ship, loaded with precious food and supplies, being sunk by the enemy.

The supporting cast also is outstanding. Director William Dieterle does a masterful job with the material at hand, and Werner Janssen's musical score is a decided asset.—*United Artists.*



★★★ Keep Smiling

Jane Withers is at it again—and with redoubled energy. Spinach and red meat must be this little star's beauty secret. Here she fights her way in Hollywood and comes out on top. It's all believable and highly entertaining too.

The story this time is an improvement upon the last few Withers' vehicles, with a soft-pedal on the leading lady's boisterous spirits, and the excellent supporting cast, principally Gloria Stuart, Henry Wilcoxon and Helen Westley, given a chance. Henry Wilcoxon is the uncle who plants Jane in an exclusive eastern boarding-school so he can go about his business unmolested—his business being the very lucrative one of a Hollywood movie director. Jane gets considerably miffed at her schoolmates when they tease her about being an orphan, so she hocks her wardrobe and hies herself to California. The sight of Mr. Wilcoxon in the midst of bankruptcy and d.t.'s would have discouraged any ordinary niece, but Jane plunges right in to restore fame, fortune and Gloria Stuart to her adored uncle. The two gals get their heads together, and from then on Demon Rum hasn't a chance with Uncle Henry. Directed by Herbert Leeds.—*20th Century-Fox.*

More Reviews on page 70

BY LEO TOWNSEND

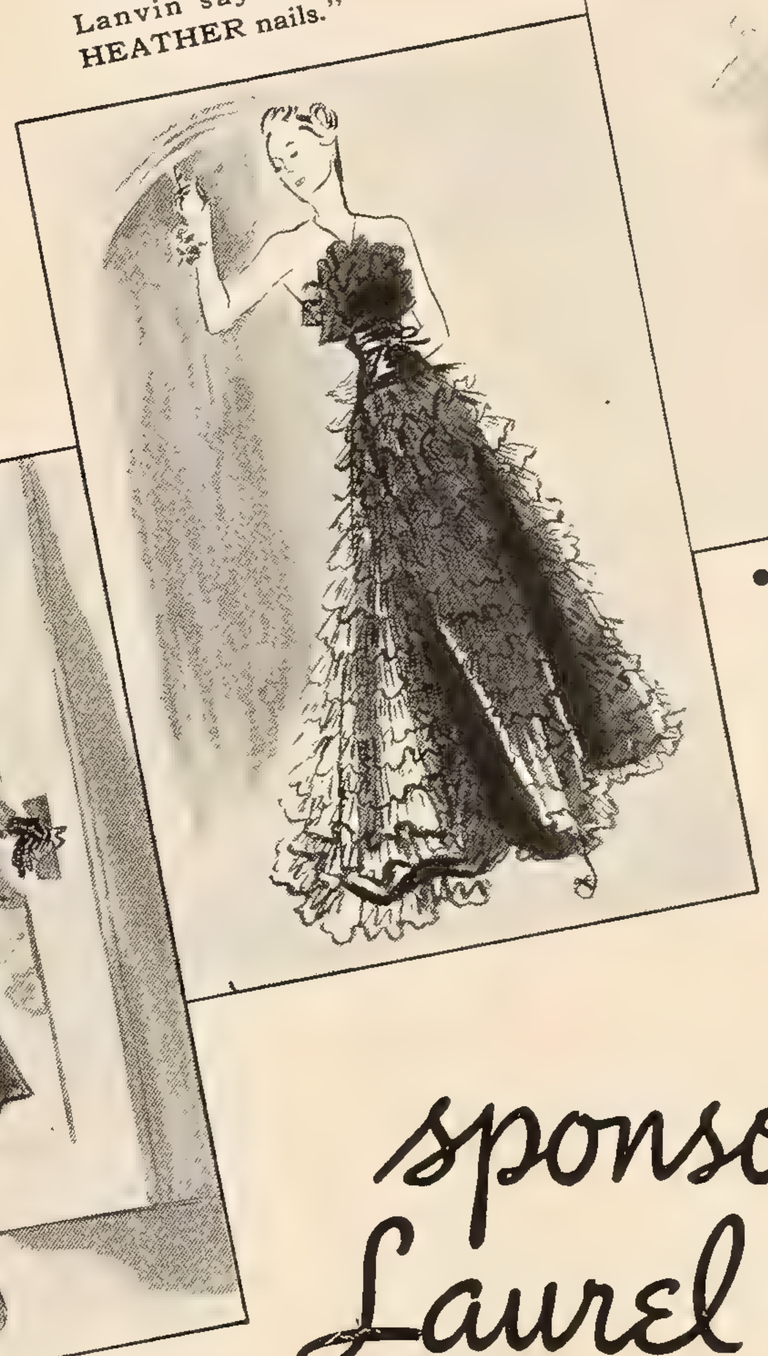
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• SCHIAPARELLI'S sleek sophistication in prune crepe. For a final dramatic touch she sponsors winy Cutex HEATHER nails.



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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 68*)

★★ Josette

This is one of those light and frothy numbers, the enjoyment of which depends entirely on your mood. On the credit side it has two first-rate performances by Bob Young and Don Ameche, and it presents Simone Simon in a role more suitable to her own particular talent—the ability to look and act extremely unsophisticated.

Ameche and Young, partners in a fish cannery, are trying to save their frivolous father from the clutches of a singer, whom they know only as Josette. The old reliable mistaken identity theme is introduced, and they are given to believe Simone is the villainness of the piece. The mademoiselle, not knowing this, falls in love with Ameche, and he, of course, thinks she's after him for his money. In the course of all this, there are several bright moments and enough good gags to make the picture fairly entertaining and amusing.

Gordon and Revel have written two songs, both of which are probably much better than the treatment Simone gives them. Her voice is small but adequate, but her accent is still so unruly that it's impossible to understand the lyrics. Evidently they were about love. Joan Davis, Bert Lahr, Paul Hurst and William Collier, Sr., turn in able performances in the supporting cast. Allan Dwan directed.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Cowboy From Brooklyn

Full of "Yippees" and a "Howdy, stranger" or two, this film capitalizes on the current vogue for Westerns by offering a broad burlesque of all that's generally held sacred in the average horse opera. The hero, for instance, is Dick Powell, a maverick if the West ever saw one. To make matters worse, he's a crooner from Brooklyn, in the cow country only because he's stranded there on his way to Hollywood. Landing a job at a dude ranch, he is "discovered" by a New York theatrical agent who changes his name to Wyoming Steve Gibson and whisks him back to dear old Broadway.

Some audiences will find "Cowboy From Brooklyn" overboard on farce, while those who expect nothing subtle will enjoy it immensely. Funniest sequence is the one in which Wyoming Steve, who is allergic to animals, is hypnotized into winning a bulldogging contest in a Madison Square Garden rodeo.

Dick Powell's role is a stretch on the imagination, but the rest of the cast fares better. Priscilla Lane is excellent as the dude rancher's daughter, Pat O'Brien furnishes top-notch comedy as the theatrical agent, and Dick Foran gets laughs as the Western heavy. The supporting cast is also very good. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★ You and Me

A "Crime Doesn't Pay" story told by unusual methods, "You and Me" is an interesting picture, but its sombre theme will keep it from winning much audience favor. There are no long stretches of dialogue, for the camera tells as much of the story as possible, and the film moves along with speed and punch.

Background of the picture is a department store, where George Raft and Sylvia Sidney are clerks. Both are paroled convicts. They fall in love and marry. Raft's old gang wants him to return to crime, but he refuses. Later he learns about his wife's past, and in a blind rage gives up all his good intentions and rejoins the gang. They're caught in an attempted robbery and given a graphic lesson on why crime pays no dividends.

Director Lang employs off-stage voices and other unusual devices to hammer over his point, but there are spots in the picture where audiences will doubt the effectiveness of his methods, especially in the scene where Raft's gang speaks in chorus. Performances by Raft and Miss Sidney are expert, and there are fine supporting roles by Harry Carey, Barton MacLane and Vera Gordon. "You and Me" was directed by Fritz Lang.—*Paramount.*

★★ Three Blind Mice

When three sisters, one in search of a millionaire and the other two simply looking for good husbands, leave their Kansas chicken farm to try their luck you can be reasonably certain that the fortune hunter marries a poor but handsome collar ad, and her two sisters wind up with millionaires. It's all supposed to prove that life is a pretty funny proposition, and that what Loretta Young really wanted was not money but love.

The sisters (Loretta Young, Pauline Moore and Marjorie Weaver) pool $5,000 and go to Santa Barbara, where Loretta poses as a wealthy society girl, with Miss Moore and Miss Weaver as her secretary and her maid. When it turns out that Joel McCrea, with whom she has fallen in love, has no money she promptly gets herself engaged to David Niven, who has. True love conquers her lust for gold in the last reel and she marries McCrea, turning Niven over to Pauline Moore. Marjorie Weaver, in the meantime, has married a bartender (Stuart Erwin) who turns out—surprise!—to be a millionaire.

"Three Blind Mice" is acceptable entertainment, but suffers because its characters are all so phoney. Only exception is Binnie Barnes, who plays Niven's sister. She is an amiable toper who wanders through the picture contributing many of its brightest and funniest moments. William Seiter directed.—*20th Century-Fox.*



David Niven, Loretta Young and Joel McCrea supply plenty of triangle situations in "Three Blind Mice."

★★ Lord Jeff

There's nothing new or startling in this one. It's hokum, and it's all been done before, but it has lots of audience appeal. The story follows the pattern laid down by "Captains Courageous." This time Freddie Bartholomew is once more a snob, and a pain in the neck to most of his young colleagues at a British nautical school. To make matters worse, young Mr. Bartholomew is also a member of a gang of jewel thieves. But a year at school and association with such guys as Mickey Rooney bring out the good in the villainous young man, and everything ends up happily.

Performances are splendid throughout. Freddie Bartholomew, considerably taller than when you last saw him, proves he is still one of the best juvenile actors in the business, and Mickey Rooney turns in another of his finished and very professional performances. A new youngster named Terry Kilburn, however, walks off with most of the acting honors, and starts off on what will surely be an auspicious screen career. Charles Coburn, Herbert Mundin and Gale Sondergaard head a competent cast of supporting players. Sam Wood directed.—*M-G-M.*

★★ Having Wonderful Time

On the stage, "Having Wonderful Time" was a smash hit, a tragi-comedy about the Bronx, and a tired little stenographer who spent her two-week vacation at Kamp Karefree in the Catskills, hoping to get away from the drab pattern of every-day life. In the picture version they've taken the Bronx out of it, and judging from the result, the Bronx must have been the heart and soul of the play.

As Teddy Shaw, the stenographer, Ginger Rogers is as plausible as the script allows her to be. She handles expertly both her dramatic and comedy moments. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as a waiter at Kamp Karefree, also struggles valiantly against bad casting, but his clipped English accent belies the picture's supposition that he is a young lawyer from the Bronx.

Lucille Ball is excellent. So is Lee Bowman, and in fact all of the supporting cast. Alfred Santell directed.—*RKO-Radio.*



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LOVE COMES ONCE

(*Continued from page 34*)

know that I have got to face it alone.

"Perhaps I am not spiritual enough to be willing to wait for a reunion in the other world. I want Irving here, with me, as he was. I know that we will meet again in the other world. I do have that belief. But it does not console me for the years we have lost together here on earth.

"It is because I think the world is such a beautiful place," Norma said gently, "that I want him here to share it with me. When the one you love is with you the world is beautiful and kind. When that one is gone the world should stop being beautiful, because its very beauties make your heart ache.

"People say that it is the ones who are left we should be sorry for, not the ones who are gone. That isn't true for me, either. It is not for myself that I grieve, but for him. Perhaps I feel this so keenly because he loved life so. Knowing how he loved it, how can I help but suffer for him who has so early been taken away from everything that he loved?"

THIS very honesty, I thought, may be Norma's healing in the end.

"I don't want to sound morbid," Norma repeated, "nor dramatic. And yet how can anyone be anything but dramatic about the three great arteries of life, birth, love and death? How else can I tell the truth of what I feel? And I think it is right for me to tell it now. For months, I couldn't tell people. Stories were written. I didn't bother to contradict them.

"Irving taught me," Norma said, "to let the little things slide. He taught me to care only for the big things. Sorrow is one of the big things."

I said, then, "But you are young. Life flows into emptied channels, don't you think so? Love again, perhaps, another kind of love will surely come to you."

"No," said Norma.

"Do you, then," I asked, "believe that there is only one love in a lifetime?"

"I do," said Norma, gravely. "I do believe that there is only one really great love. I know you are thinking about the people who marry three and four times in one lifetime. But that, I think, must be because they have never found the one real love. But you see I did find it."

"Then surely you have had the best life has to offer?"

"Yes, I have," Norma said simply, "and if I can find any trace of comfort in anything, it is that I knew it. There are people who only realize how deeply they loved someone after he is gone. I have been spared that, thank God. There wasn't an instant of our time together that I didn't know it, and so there wasn't a minute wasted.

"It isn't the length of time that matters, it's the loveliness. That's true, I know. It is youth that matters most, I'm sure of that, too. It is when you are young and with the one you love that you are really living the most keenly. We had that, Irving and I. And I am grateful for it. But it is also true that when you are with the one you love, every age is sweet. It would have been sweet to us to have gone down the years together. There was so much for us still to do.

"I know," said Norma, her eyes holding now the trace of a smile, "that there was a story written about the probability of my marrying again, as well as speculation about whether I would return to the screen. Well, that was only natural. I can only say that there have been no such problems because everything else was so very unimportant. I do not believe that I shall ever marry again. I like the idea of having one love in my life. I am afraid I am a terrific and incurable sentimentalist. For, if ever I should marry again, which seems unthinkable now," Norma was saying, "I imagine it could only be a compromise, and I dislike compromises. Many women, after all, lead very full lives alone.

"As to my working again, that came about gradually. There was no one moment of illumination in which I made a decision to return to the screen. Sidney Franklin came to talk to me about doing 'Marie Antoinette.' I will never forget how kind he was. He talked to me about the script, about all the work Irving had done on it, Irving's ambition for it, his hopes of it. I felt that I couldn't bear to do it, but that I couldn't bear to have anyone else do it either, then that I couldn't bear not to have it done at all. It was the last picture Irving worked on, the last picture plan he worked out for me. We couldn't let that go for nothing.

"I don't like to say that I did it for Irving. That sounds too trite, somehow. I don't like to say that I am 'carrying on' for Irving. But I think that is what it amounts to. You know, Irving was so proud of my being an actress," Norma's laugh was tender. "He was so proud of my being on the screen. However trite it may sound, I do know that, in returning to the screen, I am doing what he would want me to do.

"Not," said Norma, "that he would have allowed his pride in me to cloud his judgment. That was still another of all the uncounted reasons why his faith was so valuable to me. I know how honest it was. When I was working I never bothered Irving with details. But sometimes, if I didn't feel a big scene was going the way it should, I would slip to a phone on the set and ask him if he would just stroll down, sort of casually, and tell me what he thought.

"The first time I came back to the studio was the hardest thing I had to do. It was when they had the Convention and Exhibitors' luncheon. I had always attended those luncheons with Irving. And Mr. Mayer felt that I should attend this one. I felt that I should, too. I made up my mind to be so very adequate," Norma laughed a little, at herself. "I dressed so carefully. You should have seen how carefully I made up! I even determined to make a little speech. Thank goodness, I did take the precaution of wearing a large hat which shaded my eyes. Because that was the only time when I have disgraced myself publicly. I think it was because, when I faced all those men, I knew that their thoughts were with me. I wasn't able to carry it off as I had wished to. But they were so very understanding.

"It is the kindness of people," Norma told me, "which has given me the realest warmth I have known. When Irving was here I don't think I knew many people very well. I often feel that they didn't know me. That was because all the emotion in me went to Irving. I have always thought of myself as quite a devoted mother. Certainly I love the children dearly. But I did not give them what I am giving them now. And I realize it."

"I wonder why you *really* came back to work. Fame means nothing to you."

"Oh, but it does!" said Norma sitting erect. "It means a great deal to me. I love it. I am just as ambitious as I ever was, and for the same reason—for Irving, for those who believe in me. There is a certain pride and excitement, too, in keeping something you have worked hard for and achieved.

AND habit is very strong. I found that to be true when I came back, when I realized how effortlessly I slipped into working again. I don't believe in people's throwing over jobs they have begun. I have a feeling, too, that the screen is my destiny and that while I live, I must follow it. And there is another thing—it helps time pass quickly. I just don't want there to be too much time, that's all.

"It is when the day's work is over that it is hard, the going home."

"You don't mean," I said, "that you go home alone, have dinner alone?"

"'Yes,' to both questions," smiled Norma, "I want it that way. When I am working I go home, play with the children for awhile, then have my dinner in bed on a tray. That makes it easier for me than sitting alone in the dining room. Then I do a little studying, and go to sleep. I find that I am sleeping better, too, now that I am working again.

"I shall continue to live in our house by the sea. I have been advised to leave it because of the associations. But that is exactly why I shall continue to stay there, because of the memories. Why should I run away from the memories which are the most beautiful things in my life? I want to be in the home Irving and I shared so happily together. It is the nearest I can come to having things the way they were."

Norma walked to the door with me when I left, after we had talked about the children and how she thinks it quite probable that little Irving may follow in his father's footsteps.

I tried to thank her for the time she had given me, the confidence given us all, and she said, "I think those who have been interested in me have a right to know how things were with me, how they are with me now, and I am happy to tell them."



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THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

(*Continued from page 33*)

relaxes by harmonizing with the boys, swapping jokes, or playing a little poker. The boys, Gene included, don't head for bed till after midnight. And then they're up again at four-thirty. It's a he-man life, I'm telling you. City slickers just couldn't take it.

I asked him about his health. He grinned and said, in that soft Oklahoma drawl of his, "I can't remember ever bein' sick." Having knocked on the nearest piece of wood, he added, "I've been banged up a bit, takin' falls off horses, and things like that, but that's all."

"How come you don't get a little more sleep?" I wanted to know.

Gene grinned again. "I'm a restless hombre, I reckon. Sleep seems a waste of time if there's anything else to do."

Yet he has none of the vices associated with late hours. Song may keep him up, but not wine or women. He doesn't drink. His kind of work demands steady nerves. For the same reason, he doesn't smoke. As for women, "I'm happily married," he says simply. He's too thrifty to have any interest in night-clubbing or gambling. He doesn't play poker except on location, and then the stakes are too small to matter. Bridge is his favorite card game.

GENE used to be a telegrapher on the Frisco Railroad, and, as he says, he "took to singing" to keep himself awake. First, he had a saxophone. "But I couldn't sing and play the saxophone, too, so I started whangin' a guitar." Again Gene grinned. "It gives me the shudders to think what might have happened if I hadn't got rid of that saxophone. I probably wouldn't have had a friend for fifty miles around. But that guitar made me all kinds of friends. I wouldn't have got anywhere in this singing business without it.

"Jimmy Long and I—he worked for the Frisco, too—we used to get together and sing till all hours, all the old cowboy tunes. Finally, we got tired of the same old repertory all the time, and started makin' up new songs of our own. That's how we happened to write 'That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine,' which was a hit almost right away. I guess people sort of liked the change from Mammy songs.

"That started everything. Jimmy said I ought to go to New York on my vacation and sing it for the recording companies. I went—just a green kid from the sticks—but I couldn't get to anyone important. After hangin' around one office for three days, I decided I'd give up. But, before I went back home, I was goin' to sing just once, if it was only to a reception girl. So I took out my guitar there in that waitin' room, and sang real soft. Nathaniel Shilkret, the conductor, happened to go through while I was singin'. He told some executive inside about me, and I got an audition. But they advised me to go back to Oklahoma, get on some local radio station, practice up a bit and come back in a year or so.

"I got on a station in Tulsa, as 'Oklahoma's Yodelin' Cowboy.' That was how I met George Goodale. He was a newspaper reporter. He wrote a little story boostin' me, and I was mighty grateful. After I came out here to Hollywood, I saw this fellow in a restaurant one night. He was workin' on a Los Angeles paper. I asked how he'd like to be my press agent and he's been with me ever since. Now he's my manager. I can tend to my work and let George do my business worryin'. He's the most expert worrier you ever saw.

That Tulsa program led to making recordings. The recordings led to a radio program in Chicago, which led to personal appearances, which led to my findin' Smiley Burnette, which led to a better radio program, which led to Hollywood. In Chicago, I met Nat Levine, who was producin' Westerns. He was lookin' for 'something different.' He thought maybe a singin' cowboy was the answer. He had the courage to try it out. And—well, here I am."

How does it happen that he always plays a character named Gene Autry? "Don't look at me—I didn't start it. In my first picture, they billed me under my own name because I had been in radio. And, somehow, they've just kept on."

Ask him to explain his phenomenal success, and he answers, "You've got me stumped there, pardner. I'm no Adonis, and I'm no actor, and I don't aim to pretend to be. I guess I've just been plumb lucky. Lucky to be able to sing a little, and to have Smiley with me. I wouldn't make a picture without him."

Where did he find Smiley?

"Well, I was doin' a show in Rockford, Illinois, and I needed an accordion player in the act. The theatre manager said there was one on a little radio station down in Tuscola, Illinois, named Smiley Burnette. I called Smiley on the phone, and asked how much he was gettin' a week. 'Seventeen dollars,' he said. 'I'll give you thirty-five to join my act. Think it over and let me know.' He said, quick as a flash, 'I've done my thinkin', brother. When do I start?'

"My first glimpse of Smiley was gettin' out of a little Austin, piece by piece. Just lookin' at him set me to laughin'. I figured audiences would react the same way. And I wasn't wrong. Smiley's a born clown. And a whiz on any one of fifty-two different musical instruments without ever havin' had a lesson. We're a good team. I've never had a singin' lesson."

Gene has nerves of iron, which helps to explain his easy-going naturalness. But there have been a couple of times when he hasn't been so easy-going. Once was in a dance pavilion in St. Paul. One of the local boys, a big bruiser, kept passing close to Gene, making audible cracks about "that drugstore cowboy and his masquerade clothes." Gene stood it for a while. He didn't want to start any trouble. But, finally, his patience wore through. He told his heckler, "All right, you asked for it"—and let him have it. The fellow woke up sometime the next week.

But he has never been annoyed by youngsters pestering him for autographs or words. "If they've got time for me, I've got time for them," he says simply. And that one remark tells a whole story about Gene Autry.

He reckons that the worst experience of his Hollywood career happened last year, when two twelve-year-old Oklahoma boys, one a cripple, hopped a freight train for California "to work on Gene Autry's ranch." The police picked them up, of course, and sent them home. But Gene felt pretty badly that "a couple of kids got a wild idea on account of me." Letters that tickle him are those from mothers who testify that Johnny washes his neck now, since being assured that Gene Autry positively lathers his.

(*Continued on page 76*)



Diane Rochelle, Hal Roach's talented chee-ild, made her screen debut in "Swiss Miss." Pasha, of the exotic name, is the four-footed gent with her.

Margaret Sullavan

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Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
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When Gene went to the Academy dinner this year, he wore a tux—which he had to borrow from a pal. He didn't own one. He owns only one business suit, and hasn't worn it in years. He wears cowboy clothes off-screen as well as on. "I don't feel comfortable in anything else. And," he adds frankly, "I figure it's good showmanship."

In "Gold Mine in the Sky," you'll see him wearing what he wears in private life, a white sombrero, a dark open-neck gabardine shirt with a small scarf knotted around his throat, grayish-tan jodhpurs, a figured jacket, and figured cowboy boots. For the picture he used just a touch of grease-paint. Not for glamor's sake ("Heaven forbid!"), but for protection. Gene is so fair complexioned that he sunburns violently. "Wouldn't I look good in close-ups, blistered and peelin'?" he demands, sardonically.

OFF screen, as on, he has a cowboy vocabulary. And he has a cowboy sense of humor, not a Hollywood sense of humor. His idea of something funny is an ingenious prank, not a well-turned wisecrack. And, working with cowboys, he's in prankish company. "They've got to be doing something for laughs," Gene says, "to forget how hard they work."

On this trip, the boys brought along a man-size dummy, pilfered from the prop department, dressed it up in men's clothes, and sneaked it into the script girl's bed while she was at dinner. Her bedtime scream scared mountain lions five miles away, and gave the boys a laugh for a week. But the gag that all of the boys, Gene included, chuckled about most in reminiscence is the one pulled on one of his leading ladies. Never mind her name; maybe she's reformed now. But she didn't like the idea of playing heroine in a Western and went around with her nose up in the air. So the boys gave her a real reason for elevating her nostrils. They spread limburger cheese on the back of her bed.

Mrs. Autry visited the location one day during this trip. Like Gene, she is blue-eyed and fair, with a friendly smile. She is younger than Gene, who is twenty-nine. She was going to Drury College in Springfield, Missouri, when he met her. Unlike Gene, Ina doesn't go in for Western garb. She likes horses—she is the only one besides Gene who can persuade Champion to do his finest tricks—but confesses she doesn't ride a great deal. She makes no attempt to share Gene's limelight. Sharing his private life is enough for her. And they're devoted to each other. When Ina is around, Gene has no time for anyone else.

Gene's hobbies are horse-raising, books on the old West, and song-writing. "If you can call what I do writin'. I can make 'em up, but somebody who knows music has to set 'em down."

Either by himself, or in collaboration with Smiley Burnette and other harmonizing cronies, Gene turns out between twenty-five and thirty songs a year, most of which find their way into Gene Autry song books.

His favorite cowboy song is "The Last Round-Up." He admits that its sentimental melancholy "gets him every time." It makes him homesick.

That homesick note creeps into his own compositions constantly. For all the attractions of Hollywood success, he still can see the attractions of riding herd on the plains, under a wide dome of sky. But, as a composer, Gene is versatile. Nostalgia isn't his only theme. Sometimes he indulges in picture-painting with words and music, other times, in homely philosophy, still other times, in humor.

But his song that best sums up Gene, himself, is probably "Money Ain't No Use, Anyway." The chorus goes:

"When hard luck o'ertakes me,
And everything goes wrong,
I bear my burden with a smile
And I sing my little song.
I laugh at all my troubles,
And never wear a frown—
And that's the way
I'm always gay
And make the world go 'round."

WATCH OUT, WAYNE!

(*Continued from page 37*)

experience, and a lot of work, and at least I knew what it was about. But even then I didn't feel that acting was anything to get too serious about. Not as I do now.

"Perhaps I was kind of fresh and giddy about it all, because acting had just never been one of my ambitions. I didn't go to the Pasadena Community Theatre school to study acting. I was interested in directing and I still want to be a director some day. Acting was only a sideline. I never played leading parts or anything like that. Over a period of three years I appeared in forty-two plays and in forty-one of them I played old men with beards and aches in their backs. Naturally roles like that don't give anyone movie-hero complexes. I never cared two hoots about being in the movies. I had never even been inside a studio. When I finally did come out from behind my beard in one play, a casting director happened to be in the audience—so here I am, and now that I'm here I guess maybe I'd better do some worrying about it. Naturally any man, after he gets into a thing, wants to go to the top—for his pride's sake. Only that's not so easy to accomplish. There aren't as many tricks, as there are in college, for example.

"In college the trick I used was the best old trick in the world. In high school I had learned that if you held some student body office, the teachers just naturally supposed you must be a leader in your studies, too, and they always gave you the benefit of the doubt. That's how I got by, anyway. I tried to work the same thing at the Los Angeles Junior College.

WHEN the freshman president was to be elected I had about fifty fellows planted in the audience to nominate me, and I prepared a whopping speech, memorized every word of it. But unfortunately the chairman called on everyone else first, and my friends didn't have a chance until the very end. Out of seven I was the last to be nominated, so I was the last to speak, too. Well, the other speeches were so long-winded that after about an hour and a half, I caught myself going to sleep. I figured the audience must be about asleep, too, so when it came my turn I decided not to make my speech at all. Roosevelt had just been elected, so I just got up and said, 'Well, kids, I hope we have beer by fall'—and sat down. They loved it. They elected me. After that, studies were a cinch!" Incidentally, when you ask Wayne what reforms he accomplished during his presidency, he answers quickly, "Oh, up to then they had had only one class dance a year—I had three!"

You see, this six-foot-two youngster is more than just brawn and muscle. There is a good sized brain clicking away under that shock of blond hair. When Wayne first began making seventy-five dollars a week, he took out an annuity which required him to sock away fifty out of every

seventy-five. That's not only good saving, but quick thinking. He let the insurance salesman get him before any of the town's glamor salesmen did.

And Wayne Morris has never yet fallen for any of the town's usual pastimes. He has been in a night club only three times in six months. And he still sticks to dollar-ninety-five cent sport shirts. He still lives with his family, and does not have a swimming pool. And he has no personal publicity agent. In fact, the only extravagance he has allowed himself is his big car.

When you remember Wayne's youth and all the temptations that beset a Hollywood star in his position, the wonder is that he has kept his head at all. When you mention that, Wayne gives his mother credit for whatever sagacity he has shown.

What we hope is that Wayne Morris will not become so serious that he'll sacrifice any of these refreshing qualities. We can, however, see his problem. All about him, and especially on his own lot, he sees stars like Paul Muni and Bette Davis who attempt to live their roles, who spend weeks and months on research before ever starting a characterization, and he knows that if he is ever to be an actor of this calibre, he must hurry to catch up on his preparatory work.

HE has tried to spend some time with the studio dramatic coach, and the coach says that he's a hard worker when he gets down to it, but often other lures break in. Perhaps Clark Gable calls him for a round of golf at Lakeside. His long legs ache to start out on a golf march, and he has difficulty concentrating on how Mr. Ibsen meant a particular line to be delivered. Or perhaps a dozen other things, and Wayne can scarcely be blamed for putting off till tomorrow what he might better be doing today.

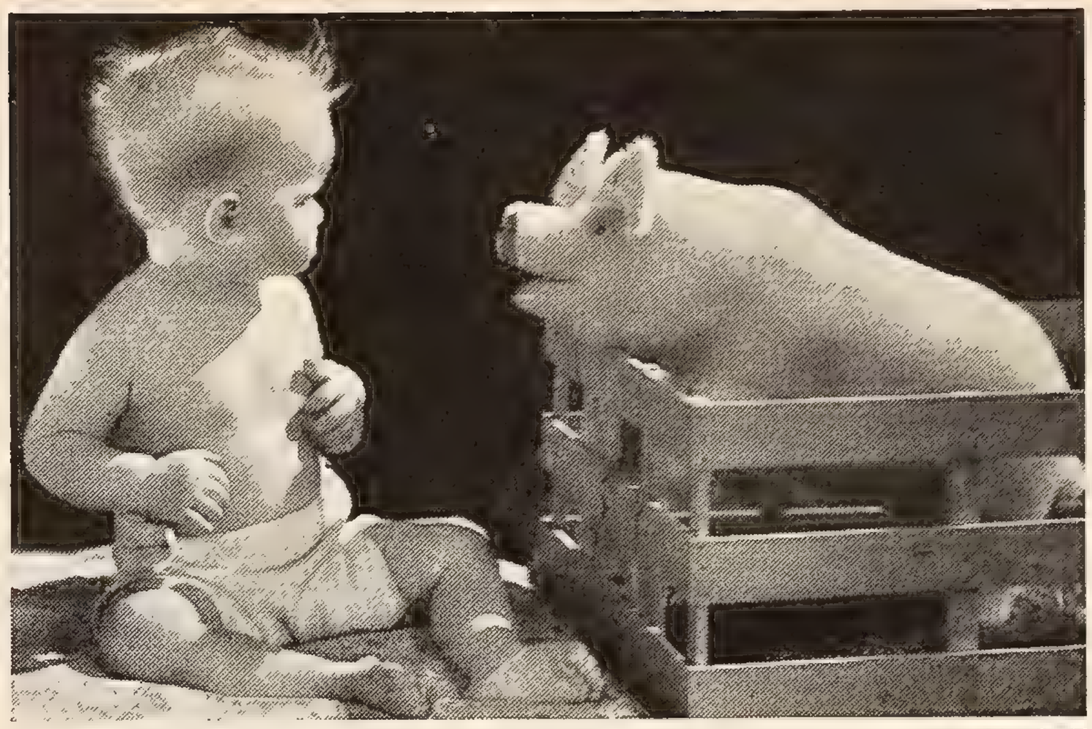
There is one thing on which he is very definite, however, and this is very significant in his character. Ask him who he admires above everyone else in Hollywood and he will tell you, "Harry Carey. Not only because he's been such a fine actor all these years—he's been a star since 1908 and he's still making $2,500 a week—but because he's stayed such a grand fellow. And I especially admire him for the way he lives. He has a ranch, and lots of friends, and he and his wife live so simply. That's the kind of life I'd like.

"There was a time when I used to think that adventure was the only thing, but I found that this adventure stuff is a lot of baloney. I thought it would be romantic to be a forest ranger for a year, so I became one, but the only fires I ever put out were the ones I started myself in the kitchen stove.

"Once I shipped as a waiter, too, on a two months' cruise to Australia and the South Seas. That was a crazy kind of a trip. There were fifty college fellows working on that boat, and I'll bet we had more fun than the passengers. They used to ask us to sit at their tables, so what kind of a trip was it? An adventure? No. It was the same kind of a pink tea party you could have anywhere.

"No, what I like and what I aim at is a steady kind of contentment, having fun as I go along and always working in a little progress. But I'll never have a ranch like Mr. Carey's unless I get busy right quick and put my shoulder to the wheel first, will I?"

Well, it's a hefty shoulder, anyway, and with the pep and vigor that this young Adonis has to put behind it, the wheel ought to start spinning any day now. Only be careful, Wayne Morris. In reaching for something new, don't lose what you already have. An odd hundred thousand of your most devoted admirers might be awfully disappointed!



• *"Why, Mr. Pig, I think that's downright shocking! Really? You don't believe in bathing? . . . Merciful goodness, I didn't suppose there was anybody left with such old-fashioned, moss-grown ideas!*



• *"Something's got to be done about this!...Let's see...what's been wrong with the baths you've had? Soap in the eye? Or...Wait—I see it all now! You've never had Johnson's Baby Powder afterward!*



• *"Hold on—don't run away! You're going to have a brand-new thrill! Soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder to make you feel cool as a breeze and happy as a pig in clover. Now...who's afraid of the big bad bath?"*

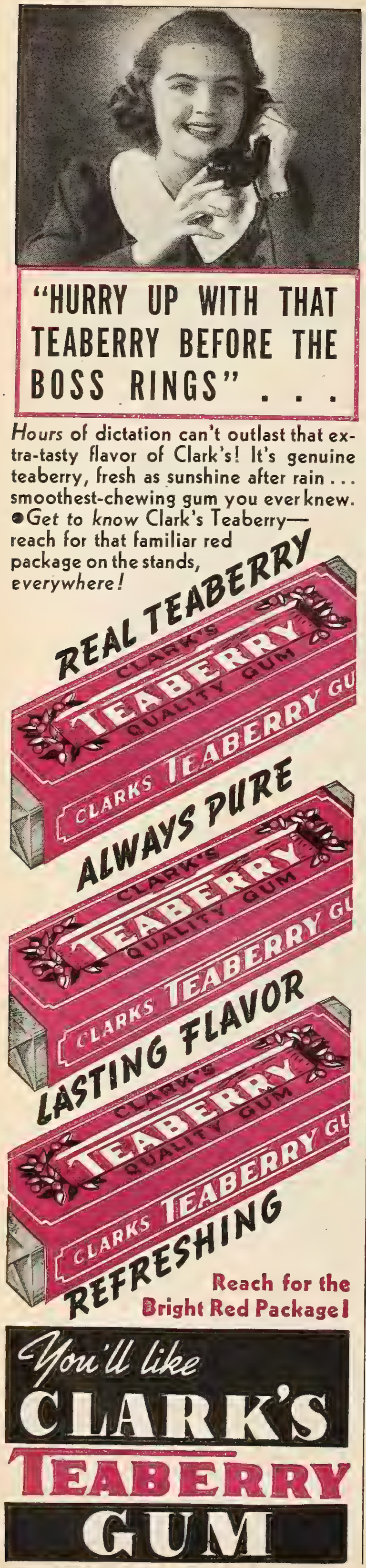


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A YEAR WITHOUT MY JEAN

(*Continued from page 27*)

answer all of the letters, give my thanks for all of the gifts and thoughts, personally. So far it's been the one thing that has been impossible to me, to really answer those letters. The time will come when I will be able to answer every one of them, will be able to tell the dear writers what they have meant to me. I have kept them, every single one. But the appreciation I have felt for all the letters, telegrams, cables, the thoughts of me because of my Baby, have been so close to me that I have not been able to answer them individually.

On last Mothers' Day I had some 250 wires and cables from all over the world. And not less than 3000 letters. On the Baby's birthday I had, I suspect, at least 100 telegrams and cables and well over 500 letters. Even on my birthday, there were wires and letters. How they knew it was my birthday, I cannot imagine. And the great majority of the letters said this one thing, "I know that your Baby would have wished me to remember you today." Thank you, thank you, every one.

People who have had illnesses or trouble have written me that they really and sincerely believe that the Baby helps them. They feel, I know, how she really loves humanity, how she wishes them well. She loves people so truly, that Bunny. I don't know why, but a line the Baby used often and often to repeat to me comes to my mind now. It was, "A heart set on love can do no wrong." A line from Confucius. The Baby's heart was "set on love." And now the love of her comes to me, in full measure.

HOW I wish that I could tell you how much the great loving kindness of the people who love my Baby has meant to me during this first long year. It is the love of her friends all over the world that has helped me more than anything else, excepting the Baby herself. That and the gifts they have sent. One dear soul who loved the Baby, someone neither she nor I have ever met, made the most exquisite miniature of the baby. It is done on paraffin, done in delicate pastels, a different likeness of the Baby on each side. And it is hung like a pendent watch, framed in the most delicate gold filigree.

Not long ago Bill had a letter from the Captain of one of our big steamships. He wanted to get in touch with me and didn't know how. He thought that if he addressed Bill at the studio, Bill would tell him. It was a fine letter, with such beautiful tributes to the Baby. He came to Hollywood, called the studio, was transferred to Bill, who gave him my number. His boat was leaving that same day. He told me that all he wanted was to go over to the Baby. She had been, he said, the greatest inspiration in his life. She had sailed through the Panama Canal with him on one of his ships before she went into pictures. And he has never forgotten her.

He told me he has lost not only a friend, but the livest, most pulsing thing in his life. She was so vibrant, so alive, and at the same time so kind. When she became Jean Harlow, he realized that Jean Harlow and the lovely child who had sailed with him were one and the same. I told him to go to the Baby, of course. His ship sailed for San Francisco that night, to be in port for two days. He flew down from San Francisco, stayed near the Baby for four hours, so they told me, and then flew back again to his ship. Such loyalty and devotion continually touch and warm my heart.

Time and again people come to my door, people I have never met, nor heard their names, many of them. They tell me some loving little thing the Baby did for them, some service she rendered. Or they tell me how much happier they are for having watched her as she passed by, never forgetting the smile, the wave of the hand, the friendly greeting.

I haven't been able to let these dear people know of my gratitude as I should have liked to do. I am trying to do so now, however feebly, because the Baby was so grateful for every favor, for every act of service done for her. Never did Brown, our houseman and our loyal friend, bring her anything, a tray in bed, a parasol, a handkerchief that she didn't have a brilliant smile for him, that she didn't make him feel as if he was doing her a very great favor. She was like that. I must try to be like that, too.

So, through this long year, I have been working for a greater realization, a greater consciousness. And my Baby has helped me. She was always wiser than I. She is so much wiser than I now.

And I have held fast to the certainty that my Baby is safe. It may seem curious that when the Baby went away, loving her as we did, it never occurred to Bill or to me to worry that she would be taken care of. When she traveled here, on the few occasions when she went away from me, I was so concerned about her. I worried about whether she would reach her destination safely, whether she had warm enough clothes with her, whether she would eat properly. Yet when she went away this last time I didn't worry about whether she would be cared for. I knew.

And always I remember the words she said to me, just two short weeks before she went away, "The greatest experience I have ever had is just around the corner, darling, and oh, I wish that I could tell you how happy I am!"

Then she came back to tell me about it.

Some days are harder to bear than others, of course. There come days when the human part of you aches and is desolate with an unbearable poignancy and pain.

One such day came to me five weeks ago last Sunday. I do not know how to translate this experience into words. There are no words to use, really. But I feel



Bill Powell is still far from well, as you can see. Here he is with George Raft at a recent prize-fight.

that for those others who are bowed down beneath their pain, who cannot get on top of it, I should speak of it. Mind you, I want to speak of it. It was so joyous, so bright, so beautiful. It has given me such an uplift of life and light that I would do anything in my power to share it. It is only that words are so capable of misinterpretation, are so faulty to express facts when facts are not common human experience. I can only try.

This day was a Sunday—a beautiful, sunny day. The house was quiet and I was alone. Alone and so bowed down beneath my sorrow that I felt I simply could not raise my head above it. I could not get on top of it. Everything that had sustained me seemed to have fallen away from me. I could not *bear* it.

I SAT alone in my living-room here and leaned my head against the back of the chair and just said aloud, "Oh, Baby, Baby, *Baby!*" *And she came to me.* I do not mean as a vision made manifest out of my bitter need. There is a difference. I mean that she walked into the room, her footsteps light and soft because she was wearing the little white rubber-soled sneakers she always wore around the house. She was wearing her white slacks, one of the white fuzzy sweaters she loved to wear, and in her hand she carried one of her large white silk handkerchiefs, polka-dotted in red.

She was there with me, warm and breathing and real. I saw her with my eyes. I felt her. She came to me and took me in her arms and just held me there. I can't say for how long. I just know that I felt such a sense of joyousness and brightness and light as had not been mine since she went away. All at once I was healed and at peace. I was on top again.

Then my Baby turned and walked out of the room, into my bedroom. I could hear her moving around in there, humming to herself. I knew what she meant. She meant what she always meant when everything was all right, when everything was beautiful and serene, when she would say, "Isn't this swell? Isn't everything great?" That's what she said then.

I told you I could not find words. Nor can I. I only know that she was here with me. I only know that she left me, if not with a song in my heart, at least with a consciousness of song again.

And I know that if the Baby made that effort to get to me with joyousness and light, I would be selfish, morbid, I would dishonor her memory if I turned my back on the gift of joy she brought me. For those who love her, I tell this.

She used to say, laughingly, "My Old Lady can do anything!"

And I said to her, that morning, whether with words or only with my heart, I don't know, but I said, "All right, Baby, your Mommie will come through."

After she left me I began to think. All right, I want to do everything the Baby wants. That has always been my endeavor. Now I can keep on doing what she wants.

Ever since that bright morning I have had such a sense of uplift as I cannot possibly describe. And I know that she is saying to me, as she used to say when I had done something she considered worth the doing, a deed she thought unselfish or strong, she would say, "Well, General, I'm proud of you!"

Now I honestly feel that I am doing something for the Baby again, something that will make her stand at salute the way she used to do and say, "Well, General, I'm proud of you!"

Now again I can feel, "Here is another day in which I am able to do something for the Baby." Every time now that I



can smile, every time I can be kind, every time I can go out and be myself again, I hear the Baby saying, "Oh, darling, I am so very proud of you."

So every day I'm trying to do the things that will make her still prouder of me. And when you are trying to please someone you love, there is solace in that.

I couldn't fail my Baby. I just couldn't. If I did, if I hid away in the dark, let myself be submerged for lack of the touch and sight and sound of her, after she made the ultimate effort to give me proof of what, in my human weakness, I asked proof of . . . if I failed now to wear the joyousness and brightness she brought me, then I would so definitely prove that I am not what she thought I was.

She wanted people happy. She used to say, "If Mother's happy, there's nothing the matter with the world." So what can Mother do but be happy? She shed happiness. Why shouldn't I shed it for her now? And that's what I'm going to do.

Since that day I have never gone under again. I am all right now. I have not lost, and will not lose, that sense of uplift she brought me with her own hands, when she held me in her arms. I am on top of it. And every day of my life now I work, I hunger, I dig and delve to have the understanding that the Baby has.

I do not feel separated from her, so the word "reunion" has no meaning for me. But I believe that we must make a conscious effort to reach the higher states of consciousness. That is why I am working, so that when it is my time to go I can go at once to the plane of consciousness where she is. I don't want to have any more delays. I must waste as little time as possible away from my Baby. That's why I'm striving so very hard now.

Until the Baby helped me as she did, it didn't come easily. It meant work. It still means work. You don't begin to read Shakespeare in kindergarten. But when you are ready for the greater understanding, when, through a natural inclination or through something that bows you so low there is nothing here to turn to, then if you seek diligently and humbly, you will find what you seek.

I FIND my help in the Bible as, for countless centuries, others who have been weary and heavy laden have found help. I have no creed, no denominational religion. But I read the Bible. And there, I believe, we learn what Life is—what all of life is, not merely this classroom we are attending now. I take one verse at a time and, if it takes me ten days, I study it until I get to the bottom of it, learn what it really means.

There is the tenth verse of the thirty-third Chapter of Isaiah, "*Now* will I rise, saith the Lord; *now* will I be exalted, *now* will I lift up Myself." That is such a definite promise. It just *is*. I have found the Bible to be a definite, material prop, one on which I can lean, one which strengthens and colors and inspires everything I think and feel and do.

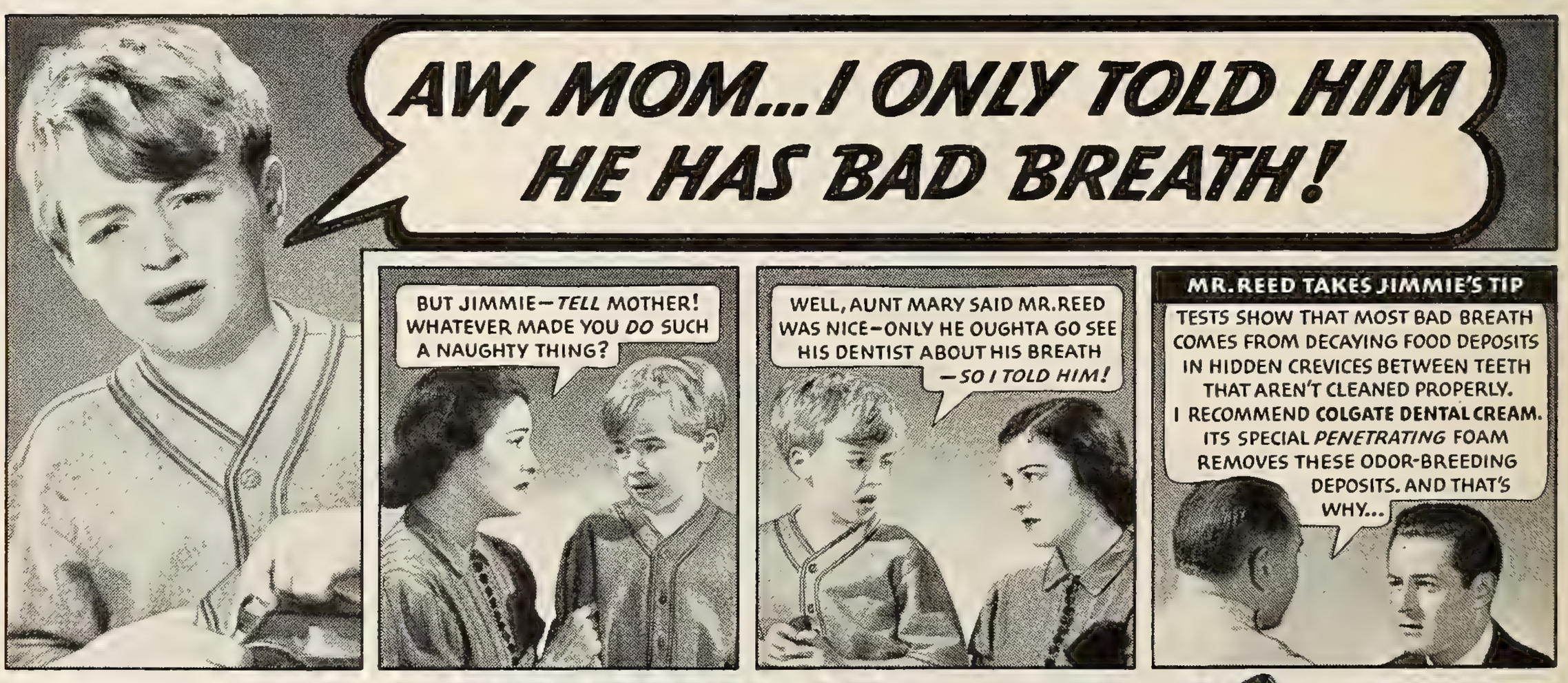
As the end of the first year came to a close, I realized that I should leave the little house where I lived after the Baby went away. I took a small apartment. I had to let Brown go, loath as I was to part with him. I felt that I must live even less expensively. I cannot let Bill do for me the things he would do so gladly. I'm simply not made so that I can accept favors, however eagerly offered.

For the first time in my life I am going to do my own cooking! I'm ashamed to say that I don't know how. It's just been one of the things I've never been called upon to do. Now that I am called upon to do it, I know that I can.

The only real loss I feel in leaving the house is that I cannot take my Baby's portrait with me. I searched everywhere hoping to find a room large enough to hold it. I couldn't. And so Bill is taking her. He wants her in his house so much. Bill has most of her clothes in his home, too. He can care for them better, more safely, than I can. I have a little bed-jacket she loved, the lovely robe she wore when she went to the hospital, all of her toilet articles and accessories, all of her pictures, from the first darling baby ones to the last darling baby ones. For the rest, things do not matter very much to me any more. I shall live nicely. Dainty things will always be important to me, of course. The Baby would expect that of me. But material possessions are unimportant to me now that the Baby is not here every day to enjoy them with me.

I shall go out more now than I did. I have my few dear friends around me. I spent a week with my Mommie and Daddy a few months ago. Bill and I are together a great deal. There is never a day when he doesn't phone me, talk to me for an hour or more. We spent the anniversary of the day the Baby went away together, there where she is resting.

I am all right now. I am my old self again. And I don't want people to dread to see me, fearful of my grief. I don't want to dampen their glowing thoughts of the Baby who was so vibrantly alive. The love they gave that Baby with a joyous gratitude, I want to repay with a gratitude that is also joyous. Now, thanks to her, I have found the way to do that.



KEEPING TABS ON TAYLOR

(*Continued from page 29*)

as concrete. "How did that happen?" I asked curiously.

"That was funny," to hear Bob tell it. "According to the script, I was supposed to break my right hand in a bout with Bill Gargan. But this happened before I got to Gargan—in a fight with Mickey McAvoy. His head got in the way of my thumb, or vice versa, I don't know which. I thought it was only sprained, and kept on fighting. But that night the doc insisted on taking x-rays, and the x-rays said it was broken. He had me bandaged up in splints till today."

AND there you have an interesting little foot-note on the life of an actor. A prize-fighter with a broken thumb would refuse to fight. An actor playing a prize-fighter won't let a broken thumb keep him from working. The show goes on. It goes on, that is, if the actor is a Robert Taylor. Bob hasn't yet picked up those two Hollywood weaknesses, temperament and self-pity. And, I venture to say, he never will. He isn't the type.

I asked him if the new and sudden change from romantic roles to athletic roles was his idea, something he had demanded.

"I don't have anything at all to say about what I will or won't do. The studio decides that. And that's all right with me. They know more about this business than I do. Whatever they want me to play, I play, and that's that."

All right, he hadn't had anything to do with his kissing scenes becoming fewer and fewer. (The script of "The Crowd Roars" had nary a one for him.) But how did he feel about it? Was he glad to escape from young-lover roles into young he-man roles?

It was a blunt question. Bob answered it bluntly. "There isn't any 'escape' about it. I'm enjoying this prize-fighter role, sure. But I enjoyed the role I had in 'Camille,' too, and that was all love story. When you get right down to it, that's the only real love story I've done. All that matters to me is whether a role is good or not. That's more important than what type of role it is."

How did he feel about the new emphasis on the fact that he has a physique, as well as a face? That got a laugh out of him. "I don't read my publicity," he quipped.

Bob puts it thus, "The good things they might say about you would make you feel better. But the bad things would make you feel worse. Either way, if you believed your publicity, you'd work up complexes. And, boy, I want to stay normal."

There is a story going the Hollywood rounds that, after Bob's late lamented verbal mauling by the New York press, Clark Gable told him, "Don't let it get you down. As long as they put your name in headlines, and spell it right, and you keep on turning out good pictures, you don't have to worry." I told Bob the story, asked him if it were true.

"It's a new one to me," Bob grinned, looking up from the tasty business of dunking a bit of hash in a pool of ketchup. "When Gable and I get together, we talk about anything but pictures or careers. And I mean anything but."

We both concentrated on food for a few moments. Then I asked him if he is happier today than when he was a struggling newcomer, or if happiness is still just a bit elusive.

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"A bit elusive," he said, chipperly. Then, more seriously, he explained, "No, I don't think I'm quite as happy as when I started out. I don't have the anticipations I had then. Everything was new to me then. Life was less cluttered up. I had just one worry—whether or not anyone would ever notice me.

"When you start out you think, 'If I could just get started, if I could only make a thousand dollars a week, if somebody would just send me a fan letter, or ask me for an autograph!' You think that then you'd never have another worry. Then you suddenly realize that your worries are only beginning.

"When you start out, your one ambition is to make good. You try hard. You fight for recognition. But suppose you get more than you bargained for? It's a thrill, yes. But it's a little disillusioning, too. The recognition isn't based on as concrete a foundation as you'd like. Luck has entered into it—plenty.

"You're on a spot when that happens. You have to work five times harder than you ever worked before, pray five times harder to get good pictures and give good performances. You've got to pour an awful lot of concrete to prop up that recognition. Luck doesn't last forever."

THAT was a long speech for Bob—and one of the frankest, most self-revealing that he has ever made. It explained, for the first time, why he has gone from one picture right into another for three solid years without once complaining, "Hold on here! I'm being overworked!"

I asked him how many pictures a year his contract now called for.

"As many as there's time for," was his answer. An amazing answer, from a top flight star. Most of the top flighters make as few as possible, to whet public curiosity about those few. Bob feels that the more he makes, the more experience he'll get, and the more he'll have to offer as a star.

If the script is ready in time, he will do another picture before starting "Northwest Passage" in August, a picture with Wallace Beery tentatively entitled "Stand Up and Fight." (It isn't a fight picture. It is an outdoor story with a Western setting.)

Bob doesn't have the common star-attitude that a star is an artist who has to be in the mood, inspired, to do his best work. "If doctors had to be in the mood to do successful operations, the morgues would be full. When doctors can't be temperamental, where do actors get that stuff? Acting is a job, the same as doctoring, only less important."

He had said that he found happiness "a bit elusive." But wasn't his life becoming a bit easier?

He pursed his lips. "No, I wouldn't say that. I'd say, the older you get, the more complicated your life becomes, no matter who or where you are. The older you get, the more you think, and the more confused you get about how to stay away from behind the eight-ball. Yet, it's fun."

When Bob was first becoming famous, his mother told me that the biggest change she had noticed in him was that he was moodier, worried more. Did that still hold true?

Reluctantly, he nodded. "Probably more so. Only," he grinned, "I don't show it. I can't afford to. People would think I was mad about something. It's silly to worry about things when one can't do anything about them. But," he grinned again, "if I feel like worrying, I just sit down and worry awhile."

Was he "all set" for the future, financially, no matter what happened?

"No, I haven't got enough yet to feel 'set.' I've got a little real estate, some government bonds, some annuities. I haven't thrown my money away or been reckless with it. But I haven't been 'in the money' very long. Not," he quipped, "long enough."

DID he think his recent radio stint as master-of-ceremonies had done anything for his popularity, given fans a new idea of his personality?

"I don't know whether it has or not. I didn't try to be different, or to become a radio personality, a Jack Benny or a Don Ameche. Going on the air has never seemed part of my work. It's been something incidental, like a personal appearance. I've never had any urges for a radio career. I'm concentrating on my screen job."

What would he say have been the biggest changes in his life, the past year?

"Well, on the screen, the biggest change is they've stopped putting me opposite big feminine names. I'm more or less on my own now. And I've got out of dress clothes, which is a relief. No man ever feels normal or natural in a starched shirt.

"Off the screen I'm edging more and more toward the quiet life. I don't go dancing more than once or twice a month. I very, very seldom go to a preview. When I get out to the ranch at night, the temptation is to stay there and just whiff that alfalfa. In England, I didn't go anywhere. I've taken to relaxing. I've had to. I've found out that I can't bat around and work, too."

But, being Bob Taylor, doesn't he get a little restless in all that quiet?

"A little, sometimes," he admitted. "But I work it out of my system with long walks, or horseback-riding, or frog-hunting. I've got a frog problem out there. All the frogs in the San Fernando Valley get together on my place for nightly choral work. And I've got an alfalfa problem, too. I have thirty acres, ten of them for the house, lawn and paddocks, the rest in alfalfa. There's been one cutting already, with five more to go this year and I already have more alfalfa than I can use. Now I'm trying to figure out whether to spend a thousand bucks, put up a storage barn, and get twenty dollars a ton, selling it later, or take the twelve-fifty a ton I can get now."

Is he sold on the rustic life for keeps? "I've always had a farm urge, ever since I was a kid. And it's going to take me a long while to get enough of it. I'd like to be able to buy a ranch I came across up in the hills, eight hundred acres, with a year-round stream flowing through a beautiful valley they call Barley Flats, with oaks and sycamores all over the place. I showed it to Gable last Sunday. Now he'd like to buy it too. But there isn't a chance

Solution to Puzzle on page 14



either of us will get it. The two of us together haven't got the kind of cash it would take.

"The place I've got now is a gentleman's ranch. What I'd like to have is a real cattle ranch. Maybe I don't know anything about cattle now. But I didn't know anything about acting, either, when I started.

"Maybe," he added quickly, with a grin, "I still don't. Anyway, you won't catch me going into any philosophic discourse about that."

Besides the urge for a bigger, better ranch, what other suppressed desires did he have?

"Well, I want to travel. I'd like to go back to Europe, really look it over. I still haven't seen that blue Mediterranean. But the next time I go, I'd like to take a year, so I guess I won't be going right away."

He has no urge to make the trip in a boat of his own. That would "involve too many headaches, cost too much." He has no urge for the stage either. He's the one and only star I've ever heard disclaim that urge. He has no urge to be the best-dressed man in Hollywood. He hasn't bought a new suit in a year. He has no urge to own the fanciest car in filmdom. He's still driving the same one he had two and half years ago.

I ASKED if he was any nearer some wedding plans.

"No nearer, and no farther away," he said. "Everything is in status quo."

What was there to the story that columnist printed, to the effect that the Taylor-Stanwyck romance must be over, because Bob had been seen with "other girls."

"Stories like that hand me a laugh," said Bob. "Do you know how that particular story started? I stopped in a drug store one night for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. The counter was crowded. I sat in a solid row of people. There was a girl on my right. In walked this columnist, added up two and two and got five for an answer."

No, Bob and Barbara still are in love. But neither is in a hurry for marriage. Their careers aren't standing in the way. Both just want to be mighty, mighty sure of permanent happiness ahead. Barbara's first marriage was bitterly unhappy. And in the back of Bob's mind, always, is the memory of his parents' love for each other. He wants a married life as completely happy as theirs has been.

If Bob and Barbara do have any wedding plans, they are being held in abeyance, pending the outcome of her court fight with her divorced husband over the custody of their young son, Dion. Barbara doesn't want in any way to involve Bob in that disagreeable fight.

Because Bob and Barbara are seldom seen about town nowadays, columnists, always eagerly sniffing for trouble, may leap to the hasty conclusion that the romance is waning. Nothing is waning but Bob's and Barbara's interest in town night-life. Both have simply become addicts of ranch life.

And don't think for a moment that this mutual addiction is tearing them apart. If anything it is bringing them closer and closer. It might interest you to know this fact, untold till now, that Bob took some of his boxing lessons in a ring set up on Barbara's ranch, two miles from his own. He hasn't a swimming pool on his place, and Barbara has one. And, after his work-outs, he could use a little swimming.

Does that sound as if Bob and Barbara are on the outs? And hearing Bob's answers to the questions about what he is like today, does he sound any less likable than when you first knew him?

It was Seb* that spoiled the Deb!



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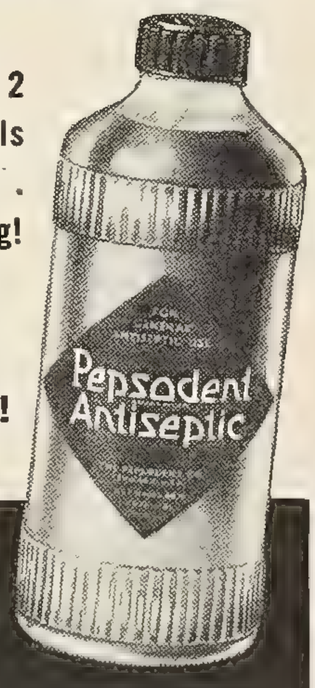


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No. 6029—Below, the two-piece knit dress with star-studded blouse will see you smartly through fall.

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WARDROBE WEAPONS

(*Continued from page 48*)

shoulder straps of one bouffant gown, and glittering vines of the same leaves stripe the enormously full tulle skirt. A long sleeved lamé has yards of skirt, and dark fur outlines the deep dropped shoulder bodice. Her last gown is slimly fitted to well below the hips. Bunchy ruching finishes the long basque and then the skirt springs out into yards and yards of stiffened net. A rhinestone clip holds a fly away sheer scarf at the base of the throat. That bunchy ruching below the hips is all right for Miss Simon but fatal to anyone who does her shopping any size above the Junior Miss Department.

Comedienne Joan Davis, usually a sartorial step-child, gets to dress up once, in her vain pursuit of gentlemen discarded by the popular heroine. The circular skirt is built up to a high waistline effect, and has a gathered bosom topped with a paillette embroidered bolero. The bolero, far from being on the way out, is just getting comfortably established in smart wardrobes. The "little jacket" is too useful and too universally becoming not to have a faithful following for some time to come.

GINGER ROGERS is a "Vivacious Lady" with lots of snappy clothes. As a night club singer she wears a white gown featuring the poured-in silhouette to just above the knee where it proceeds to flare out in pailletted rhumba ruffles. A wide net scarf, with no noticeable anchorage, floats gracefully across the top. Over this, she dons a finger length jacket, fitted through the waist and flaring at the bottom.

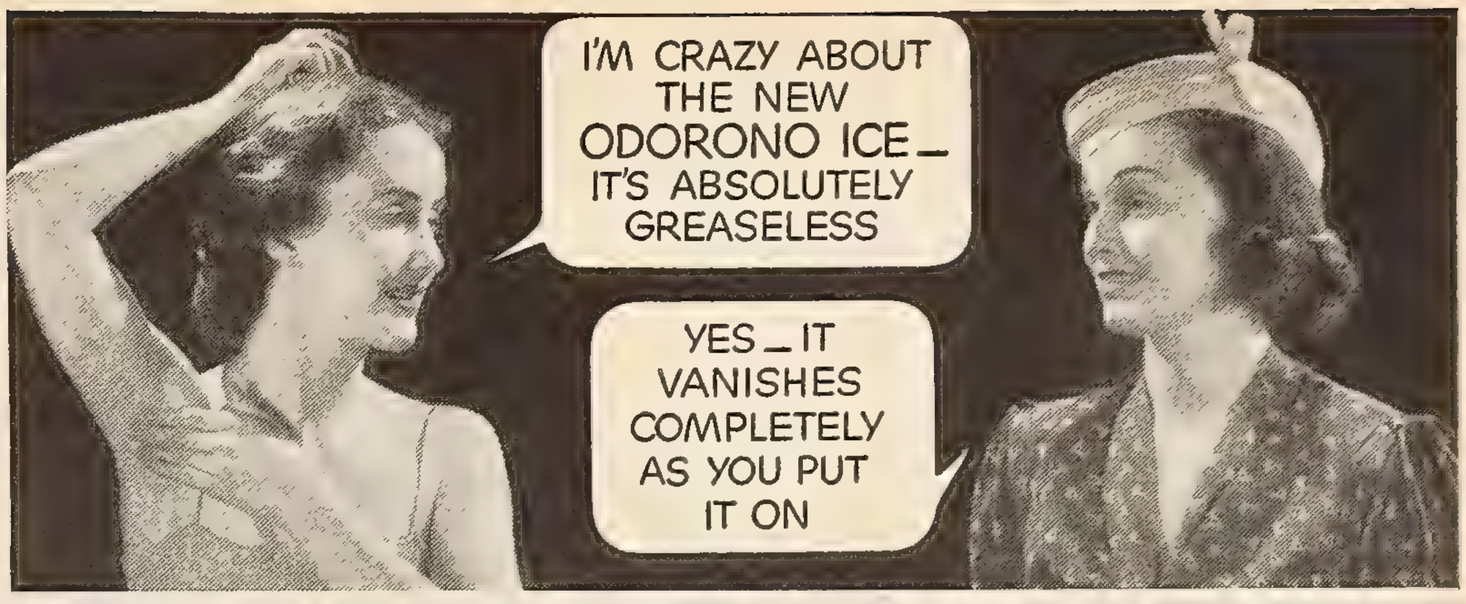
For daytime, Ginger Rogers wears two suits that would fit perfectly into any early fall wardrobe. The first, made of light weight burgandy tweed, is flecked with the same cool blue that is inset in the broad shouldered jacket. Its sleeves and back are cut on the bias. With this suit Ginger wears a black sailor with a coarse veil.

A three-piece suit worn by Ginger in the same picture has a fitted jacket and Chesterfield coat deftly striped in light gray, Oxford gray, and a dash of bright red. Its slightly flared skirt is Oxford gray, as is the draped blouse caught high at the throat with a bright clip.

One of Ginger Rogers' most effective gowns is worn for a hair-pulling, eye-gouging battle with brunette Frances Mercer. This is fashioned of black net, backless and very nearly frontless, a huge rhinestone buckle holding a narrow belt about the slim waist. That modern version of the mantilla—a shower of net caught at the top of her blonde curls—makes a graceful and becoming headdress.

The post war tale of "Three Comrades" is too concerned with serious matters to stress clothes, but Margaret Sullavan is allowed one glamour gown. It is carefully designed to fit the period without looking dated. Made of silver lamé, it has a shirred bodice, short puffed sleeves, and the skirt falls in heavy folds. A circular cut, floor length cape, also of lamé, accompanies the gown.

Hollywood is for the most part an excellent fashion guide, though there are occasional slight exceptions to this rule. For example, almost every hat you see in pictures is off the face. This doesn't mean that "no one" is wearing dipping brims. Camera men moan loudly about the difficulty of getting angle shots when they have a wide shadow-casting hat brim to contend with. That's why you rarely see that type of chapeau in pictures of your flicker favorites.





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is greaseless, actually cooling and checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

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The new Odorono ICE keeps your underarm completely dry for as much as three whole days. Yet it takes only a few seconds to apply. Light and delicate in texture, Odorono ICE is greaseless and non-sticky. And there is nothing but its own fresh odor of pure alcohol which evaporates immediately.

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Cast your vote and boost your favorite player



JACKIE COOPER: Sixteen years old, and now nearly six feet tall, this young veteran is still a favorite after eleven years in pictures. Born in Los Angeles, Cal., September 15, 1922, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bigelow, and nephew of the famous director Norman Taurog, Jackie entered pictures at the ripe old age of five. At eight he became a star in "Skippy," and the biggest hit of his entire career was with Wallace Beery in "The Champ." Jackie is now a student at Beverly Hills High School, when he isn't working. He has grown up to be poised, quiet almost to the point of shyness, and a very likable young fellow. Jackie loves swimming, football, dancing and driving. He also enjoys boxing and tennis. He is a swing enthusiast, and the proud owner of an elaborate set of traps and drums on which he delights to accompany phonograph records of leading swing orchestras. He does not, however, like to sing. He is very fond of dogs. But more than anything else Jackie Cooper loves to act. He guesses it's just "in his blood," and he hopes he can act for many years to come. He modestly avers he wouldn't make such a fine matinée idol, but he'd like to be a good character actor. If he couldn't be that he'd want to be a director or a movie photographer. Jackie has curly blonde hair and blue eyes. His next picture will be "That Certain Age" with Deanna Durbin. After that he will Make "Gangster's Boy" and "Streets of New York." You can address him in care of Monogram Studios, Hollywood, Cal.



ERROL FLYNN: Here is one actor who is as handsome, dashing and daring off screen as he is on. A direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, who led the famous mutiny on the Bounty, Errol Flynn was born in the north of old Ireland on June 20, 1909. His father was a professor of biology at Queen's University in Belfast, later at Cambridge. Errol was educated in Paris and London, and was an Olympic boxing contestant in 1928. He has traveled on every continent, speaks many languages, including Chinese and several native South Sea dialects. He has fished for pearls in Tahiti and prospected for gold in New Guinea. He once owned and sailed a coast-wise schooner on an inter-island freight service, and he ended up in movies quite by accident. Errol was pearl-fishing off Tahiti when an English movie company came upon him and offered him a role in "Mutiny on the Bounty." He accepted and the experience so intrigued him that he decided to go on the stage and make a career of acting. It was while he was playing in London that an American motion picture executive saw him and signed him to a Hollywood contract. On the boat coming to America he met the fascinating Lili Damita whom he later married. Errol calls her Damita, and she calls him Flynn. His definite ambition now is to succeed in American movies, and by all indications he certainly is realizing his ambition. Errol Flynn's favorite outdoor diversion is sailing. He also swims, rides and plays tennis. He has ambitious literary tendencies too, has now written several books, plays, short stories and even verse. He is an avid editorial reader, and often writes "letters to the editor." Also an excellent cook. Errol sometimes treats his friends to delicious home-cooked meals. Errol Flynn doesn't like alarm clocks, spiders, or weddings (except his own), but he does like thunder storms, and the sound of wind and rain. He lives in a modest home. There is one room, his den, that no one else—not even his wife—is allowed to enter without permission. Errol is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred eighty pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. His last two pictures were "Robin Hood" and "Four's a Crowd." His next will be "The Sisters." You can reach him in care of Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Cal.

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Want to know your favorite player's address? In fact, would you like to have a complete list of all the Hollywood stars' mailing addresses? It's yours for the asking. So many of you have written to this department wanting to know where to write this one or that one for an autographed picture, or perhaps you just want to write a fan letter, that we've compiled a complete list for you, naming the players alphabetically, according to their studio, and giving their complete mailing addresses. They are all there, even the featured players, printed in such a compact form that you'll be able to keep the list in your movie scrap book for reference whenever you want it.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a *large* self-addressed and stamped envelope. *Don't forget* that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send your requests to the Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



BARBARA STANWYCK: This auburn haired lass of Scotch-Irish descent was born and raised in Brooklyn, N. Y. She was first heard from on July 16, 1907 and shortly thereafter was christened Ruby Stevens. Ruby was quite an athletic youngster, and a serious one too. She played on the school basketball team, and figured prominently in school dramatics. She once taught Sunday school, even wanted to be a missionary, but she had to go to work too soon to realize that ambition. At thirteen she was working with the telephone company. At fifteen she was a Vogue pattern cutter. However, when she was fired for lack of previous experience this ambitious girl remembered how much she liked to dance, and got herself a job in the Zeigfeld Follies chorus. Later she danced in George White's Scandals. Her first chance at a dramatic role came in the Broadway play "The Noose." It was while working in this that she took her new name—Barbara Stanwyck. Her next dramatic role, in the highly successful play, "Burlesque," established her as a leading Broadway actress. She took a screen test and promptly received a contract. She had a lot to learn, however, and did not succeed immediately. But she kept on working, and the picture "Ladies of Leisure" rewarded her talents and established her popularity. She loves to work and prefers pictures to plays because they allow her to have a home life. She hasn't permitted success to change her. She is easy to get along with, and is not temperamental. She likes good plain food, too—no fancy diets. Her tastes are consistently simple. She prefers tailored clothes, though she likes trailing negligées. Barbara is a good listener, but she can hold her own in telling someone off when she has too. Her greatest joy is her little adopted son, Dion. Babs is interested in writing. She plays tennis and swims a lot too. Together with Zeppo Marx she owns a stud ranch, "Marwyck," and has been highly successful with breeding thoroughbred horses. Barbara Stanwyck is five feet four inches tall, weighs one hundred twenty pounds. She has auburn hair and dark blue eyes. Her last two pictures were "Stella Dallas" and "Breakfast for Two." Her next two will be "Always Goodbye" and "The Mad Miss Manton." You can reach her in care of 20th Century-Fox Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

Charles Huffman, Esmont, Va. Merle Oberon, Herbert Marshall, Beatrice Lillie, Binnie Barnes, and Reginald Owen are English. Charles Boyer is French, and Luise Rainer is Austrian.

Audria Fluke, Altoona, Pa. John Beal's real name is Alexander Bliedung. He was born in Joplin, Missouri, August 13, 1909. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs one hundred fifty pounds, has brown hair and eyes. He is a graduate of Wharton School, U. of Penna. He is married, and has been in the movies since 1913.

Mary Duval, Erie, Kansas. Kenny Baker is six feet tall, weighs one hundred sixty-one pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. He was born in Monrovia, Cal., September 30, 1912. Before entering the movies in 1936 he sang in cabarets and on the radio.

(*Continued on page* 96)

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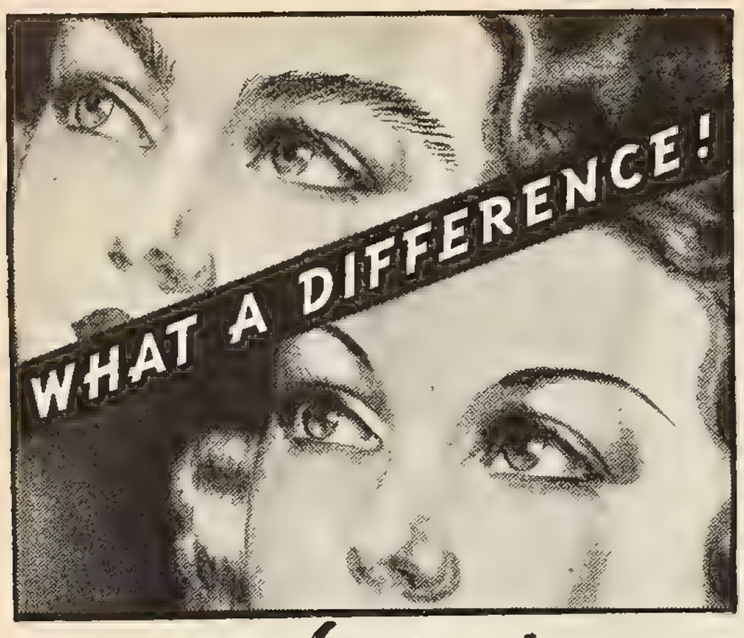
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AFTER DIVORCE—WHAT?

(*Continued from page 41*)

matriarchal system is a form of social organization as in certain primitive tribes in which the mother is head of the family, and in which descent is reckoned in the female line, the children belonging to the mother's clan.'

"That's us," laughed Joan delightedly. "I am now a matriarch. My household is a matriarchy. There is but one exception, in my case, to the definition given in the dictionary: that is, the business about the children reckoning their descent from the female line. Melinda is Melinda Markey, of course. Ditty is Dianna Bennett Markey. When Gene and I were married he gave Ditty his name. It seemed absurd to us for sisters to bear different names, so we made them alike.

Gene comes to see Melinda twice every day. He takes both of the children out with him frequently. Ditty is as crazy about him as Melinda is. We are all completely friendly. Gene and I have dates quite often. I think that the only way divorce can be ugly for children is when the parents make it so by being ugly about it themselves, by indulging in a mental tug of war, with the children between them. Nothing of the sort is the case with us. We have departed thus far from the primitive.

IT was, and is, simply that a woman with a career has a dictator complex and you can't conceive of a dictator who would 'share and share alike' even so much as the morning paper, now can you?"

"That's the way it is with me," said Joan. "Including the morning paper. I like to get it first. I don't like it when someone else gets it and musses it up and then passes it on to me. That's sort of symbolic of the whole. I like to have my meals when *I* like to have them. If I don't want luncheon at one and dinner at eight, I don't want to have to have them at those hours. When there is a man in the house there must also be a routine.

"I want to be able to come and go as I please. Last year I did 'Stage Door' on tour. I was gone about six months. I took the children with me. Ditty went to school in Connecticut, Melinda traveled with me and thrived on it. And it is certainly beneficial to adults. I was getting into a rut before I did that play. I never intend to be in a rut again. I want to do a play every year. Now, when you have a husband to consider, you can't just pick up and go off for months at a time, even when it is good for your career. And I feel that to do that play was necessary to my career. It happened to go very well and that gave me a self-confidence I very much needed.

"When I come home from the studio now and feel tired and want to go to bed and read, I don't have the uneasy feeling that my husband is dining alone, listening to the radio alone, probably wondering who ever thought up this idea of the emancipation of women anyway! It's an unnatural state of affairs, a career woman and marriage under the same roof.

"I like to do everything I do well," said Joan seriously, "or not at all. I much prefer trying to make a success of my life as a mother and as an actress, than trying to make a semi-success of marriage, too. I detest half loaves."

We were talking, Joan and I, in the living room of her new house in Holmby Hills. This house that Joan built is a house so femininely lovely, so comfortably, unmovie-starishly lovely.

And yet, as we talked, I began going over in my mind some of the things I know about Joan. Contradictory things, at first thought, but working together to make a composite picture of this Lady Alone.

Joan, the youngest of the Bennetts. Yes, but whenever the girl's mother has a problem to solve, it is to Joan she turns. Whenever Richard Bennett is ill or in doubt about something, it is to Joan he wires or cables.

Joan was once shy, self-conscious, timid. This came about because she is the youngest sister of Connie, strong-willed and definite, of Barbara who is vital and vigorous. She's the youngest in a family who were, all of them, famous and colorful, so that the young Joan found it all too easy to take the well known "back seat."

Then, Joan is near-sighted. Time was when this made her self-conscious, when she tried to conceal the fact by various pitiful little subterfuges. She has to wear glasses for reading. She can't recognize people when they are seated across a room from her.

Only a short time ago Joan would hastily whip off her glasses before she entered a public place. She would have run rather than be photographed wearing them. Joan has worked out of all this. And when, recently, a smart magazine asked her to sit for her portrait, wearing her glasses, she sat for it without a quaver, the picture turning out to be as *distingué* as the subject.

THERE is not a lazy bone in Joan's slender body. Even when she is not working, she is up every morning at nine. She then goes through a routine of posture exercises because she feels that she tends to be round-shouldered. Three times a week she goes to the public ice-skating rink and skates, because she feels that nothing gives you the poise and grace that skating does.

She makes out the menus at home. A splendid housekeeper, she is also a thrifty one. If she has a very expensive dinner one night, she will plan an inexpensive one the next night. Lamb stew. Meat loaf. She makes out the children's menus. When they were traveling East last year she spent her time on the train planning the children's menus for three weeks in advance. As there is a difference of five years in their ages, she had to make out two complete sets of menus, one for each little girl.

When she entertains at dinner—she never has large parties, usually dinner for six—she knows exactly what each guest had to eat when he or she dined with her six weeks or six months previously. And she sees to it that that guest does not have the same menu again.

Joan always has her evenings planned far in advance when she entertains. Because she herself plays neither Bridge nor any other parlor games, she usually has tickets for the theater, takes her guests to a night club or provides entertainers for them at home. Whatever is decided on, is *planned*, right down to the last detail.

And so, as my thoughts of her took shape, I began to see Joan as the matriarch she says she is, in spite of her delectable femininity; a new kind of matriarch, young and beautiful, not full of years and stern, as one formerly imagined a matriarch to be.

Now I wondered whether the answer to "After Divorce—What?" might not be Joan's answer—a matriarch, women without men, women alone? It seems that Joan is making a happy—nay, brilliant—success of it.

'TISN'T SO!

(*Continued from page 43*)

you consider Olympe's background there's not a doubt in a carload she will do just what her little heart desires.

Her advent into this world, just two years after the World War, created a crisis. Momsie and Pop Bradna were the featured act in a Paris theatre and the management feared the act couldn't go on for days. Papa fooled them. He went on solo and did things up brown. In fact, so loyal to the management was he that his offspring was named after the theatre—called Olympic. At the ripe old age of eighteen months, little Olympe made her debut, carrying a flag twice her size. She did her task so well that hope was held out for her future and the Bradnas began training their tiny daughter.

BEFORE I came to America, I worked many years throughout Europe," Olympe modestly reported. "I even did some pictures in France, Yes, three, but I never thought at the time I would become a picture player. I was used to working in the circus and touring shows. The only thing I didn't like about that was touring forever. In pictures, you have a home and live in it. But, when you tour you have a trunk and live in *it!*

"When I was eight, Mama and Papa decided that I could do an act alone. By then I could dance and sing some. So I went into a small theatre for a time and was lucky enough to get into the 'Folies Bergere.' I was quite successful in this and made Mama and Papa quit working. They had supported me long enough. It was my turn now! They criticized and taught me everything. After doing 'Hit the Deck' for some time it was decided to send a company to America and they chose me. We went to Chicago and played eight months. After that I came to the French Casino in New York and stayed six months. My act was mostly acrobatic dancing with a little ballet.

"While there Mr. Serlin gave me a test and signed me to do dancing specialties. They didn't know I could act and I didn't tell them. I got a part in 'Souls At Sea,' and a chance to act. I think I was good, but I've lots to learn or I wouldn't have to go to school. I finish this month though, so maybe I'm learning. What you think, no?

"It was very hard, at first, for me to learn these English, but now that I can speak it, I like it better than ever. I will be American soon, in 1940 Mama says! But, I want to go back to France! Oh, only to see my friends, not for good. It's over here I will stay, for in California we have a home. It's out from Hollywood and we love it. I don't know many people out there. When you have to get up at seven o'clock and go to work you're in bed by ten so there isn't much time left in which to meet people.

"You know, after I finish 'Souls At Sea' they think I can act, but they are not *too* sure. So, for three pictures they give me small parts till they make up their mind. Finally they have decide and I go to work in 'Stolen Heaven.'

"I've been making personal appearances since I left California. Finally, when I got here in New York they wanted me to go on with Gene Raymond the first day. I did and had such fun with him. In the dressing-room after the show I said, 'Gene, there's a girl who wants your picture autographed. Will you give it to her?' He said of course he would and



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sat down to write it, then stopped and said, 'Who shall I autograph it to?' I said, 'To Olympe Bradna' and we had a big laugh. But, I got the picture!

"He has a very nice wife, Jeanette MacDonald, and every week on the day they were married he gives her an anniversary present. She must be an awful expensive wife to get a present every week! Gene says that after this time, he's going to do it only once a year."

Olympe Bradna's career is in Hollywood. These appearances throughout the country have shown her boss just what a puller this young Miss is at the box office. And, Olympe's enjoying every minute of it, too, from the time she met Mrs. Roosevelt to that memorable occasion when a cocktail party was given in her very own honor at the famous Waldorf.

"You know the funniest thing happened," exclaimed Olympe. "They gave a party for me in the Blue Room. We sat and sat, but no one arrived. Finally, they said I could go for a walk till they arrived. Over here you're not supposed to be on time to your own party. We came back and still no one had come in, so out we went for another walk to Fifth Avenue this time. I was glad because I saw some more of New York. Anyway, when I got back the second time we discovered there were two Blue Rooms and everyone had been waiting in the one downstairs, finally leaving. Only a few—about four or five—had found out and come up. I didn't mind and we had lots of fun. Ernst Lubitch was there and I drank so much orange juice I nearly turned into a grove."

Just then the press agent from her studio arrived. "Olympe, we have to hurry! You know, they have a photographer waiting to take pictures of you," and so the French lass departed.

HE'D RATHER BE HIMSELF

(*Continued from page 42*)

His awareness came about, it seems, when a lady columnist unfeelingly dubbed him "Richard Dimples Greene." Made him sensitive, that's what it did. And let him in for no end of ragging at the studio. Poor Greene was "dimpled" all over the lot. But he took it like a good sport—and there's none better than the English brand.

"It hadn't occurred to me that I looked at all like Power," said the two-faced truth-teller. "Met him the other day, and had a drink with him. Fine chap. Saw Taylor at the Trocadero one night, though I wasn't introduced to him. Just as well. I daresay it might have embarrassed him. I know I'd have felt a bit silly."

It was only natural to think his must be an embarrassment of riches. But he went on quite irrelevantly, or not, as you please, "But I did meet Barbara Stanwyck in the wardrobe department the other day, and she is a delightful person."

HE and Taylor both are of one mind in this respect, at least. But Mr. Greene's own true love, let it be known, is the American automobile. He's quite mad about it. In his romantic bursts of speed anything less than eighty miles an hour means merely idling along the primrose path. Meanwhile the studio has picked one of its fairest flowers for him to wear upon his arm of nights in the sweet uses of advertisement. Yes, the old familiar publicity gag. Not that he isn't capable of picking his own, for no girl is apt to keep Richard Greene on the cold side of her door.

"The night spots here," he glowed, "are the most attractive I've ever seen. Gorgeous! I suppose it's the exotic tropical influence. There are so many foreign influences at work that their effect is seductive. Yet Hollywood as a whole is amazingly moral. I didn't realize that the movie citadel could possibly be so completely and uninterestingly respectable."

Shades of Victoria! There spoke the wisdom of age in the voice of youth. On the sunny side of twenty-four, Mr. Greene was, of all things, a philosopher of morals. Was it that, after New York, he had found Hollywood wanting?

"I had no means of judging New York morally," he was frank to say, "as I was there only two hours. I felt like a real hick. The studio gentleman who met me at the dock semed to think I'd never been in a big city before. He held me on a corner explaining the traffic lights, which I perfectly understood, then shepherded me across the street like a small child. It was good of him, but not necessary. From what little I saw of it New York was exactly as I'd imagined—crowds, noise, and skyscrapers. I got a crick in my neck looking up at them. Everything looked just as I'd seen it on the screen at home. But Hollywood wasn't at all as I'd expected. I had pictured it as the movie capital of the world, with actors in make-up rushing through the streets, and glamor hitting you in the eye at every turn. But to my surprise and disappointment it turned out to be a most orderly and well-behaved suburban city.

"But my ambition as an adventurer was realized when I saw my first palm tree. It made me feel really traveled. And the thing that impressed me most of all was the desert—lonely yet beautiful."

It crossed my vagrant mind that the impressionable stranger might have found Hollywood girls likewise beautiful, though not so lonely.

"I suppose," he reflected, "there are more pretty girls here than anywhere else in the world, and when lovely they are really lovelier. But I can't stand a dull girl, no matter how beautiful she may be. I like a girl I can talk to, and you can't talk to a face, can you? When it comes to that, you can't talk to an English girl at all unless you know her really well. It's far easier to get on with an American girl. Her naivete is very appealing. This is especially true in the daytime. That's because she looks best in tailored things—no one else can wear them so well. Then, too, the American girl seems to have such a good figure."

Seems! No matter. He was saying, "Knowing American slang has helped me enormously in getting on with the girls here. I'd heard so much of it in American films at home that it really wasn't new. The only thing that bothered me was my English accent. I was afraid it would be laughed at. But I've already got rid of most of it, wouldn't you say?" I would, and did, to his evident relief. "I don't mean the affected English accent. No good actor has that. My family never had, and it represents three generations of English actors.

"My first ambition was to be a veterinary, as I'm very fond of animals. But, somehow, I went the way of the rest of the family. What's really strange is that I'm now in Hollywood. I'd done practically nothing but crowd work in English pictures and only repertory work in the provinces until they put me on the London

stage in 'French Without Tears.' Then, to my great astonishment, I had three offers from Hollywood. When I finally worked up courage enough to take the plunge I first thought I'd buy a car in Hollywood and have other things I wanted. Then suddenly I got scared. If someone had come along and offered me five pounds a week I'd have stayed right there in England. What did I know about pictures?"

EVEN now, after staking his future on the turn of the camera, the engaging tyro knew nothing of the results of his work, had seen none of the "rushes." But studio enthusiasts who did look at them had gone to such lengths of language as to declare, "He'll knock 'em dead!" One fellow actor did nearly that for him. It happened in a fight scene, with various huskies mixing it up and a yacht-depth tank of water to make the brawl still more ambidextrous. A fist swung out and caught the innocent from abroad on the point of his chin.

Now that incident might have been part of the directorial purpose of John Ford, who has his full share of an Irishman's love of fight. Possibly, but be that as it may, young Greene went down with great success. But he picked himself up, weaved forward, and dived into the tank. Mr. Ford nodded his head in serene approval. The kid could take it.

"My grandfather, Wallace Davidson, was the one to buck me up," said Richard Greene. "'God bless you, my boy, and keep you on the front side of the screen.' My grandfather was the first to exhibit films in England at a time when they were shown on both sides of the screen. Spectators at the rear saw the picture in reverse for a smaller fee than was paid by those sitting in front. He added the advice, 'Keep your head and save your money.' Secretly, I swore I'd spend my first American money for a car. I have a small one, and with it I've found something I like best of all here—the drive-in restaurants. I've gone to every one in Hollywood and Beverly Hills. It's great fun sitting in a car and eating one's meals. We don't have 'em over there. If ever I make enough money to do it I'm going to open a drive-in place in London."



In "My Lucky Star" Sonja Henie and Richard Greene make a comely couple.

That sounded as though he were already planning to return to roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. I looked disappointed.

"As far as I'm concerned," was his instant reply, "they can keep me out here for the rest of my life. I've been so bitten by California that it seems like my second home. All I ask is that they let me be myself. I want to be judged by my work, not by any accidental resemblance to someone else. And I don't like gush. Acting is a profession, and has nothing to do with the personal side of anyone in it. I hate having that side brought out. Being called 'Dimples,' for example, drives me into a white lather of fury. I don't mind what work they give me to do just so long as they let the rest of me alone."

He turned to the fish he was having for lunch. And as our chin-wag happened to be on a Friday, it was my guess that this Englishman has a dash of Irish in him. Fish aside, I take him to be a good trencherman. Certainly the eupeptic look of him suggested good red meat. His face held none of the pallor exhibited by some of our stars. Here is one movie actor who carries his own color.

"After my Hollywood baptism, I'm now going to try frozen water," he laughed. "I'm doing a picture with Sonja Henie—she's delightful—and it's great fun. I can go fairly fast on skates, but the trouble is I can't stop. That proved most humiliating at a rink in England one night when the band played 'God Save the King' and everybody stopped—everyone but me. I went round and round till a shocked assistant grabbed me. I needed practice. I still need it, so I'm going over to the set. Come along?"

As we ambled down a studio street the alert Mr. Greene was calling all cars by their right names. Presently he stopped in dumb admiration before a long and glittering automotive masterpiece. The next moment he was flat on his back beneath it raptly gazing at its expensive underpinning.

I had a deal of a time extricating him. Oh, well, small car or big car, that boy's certainly going places!

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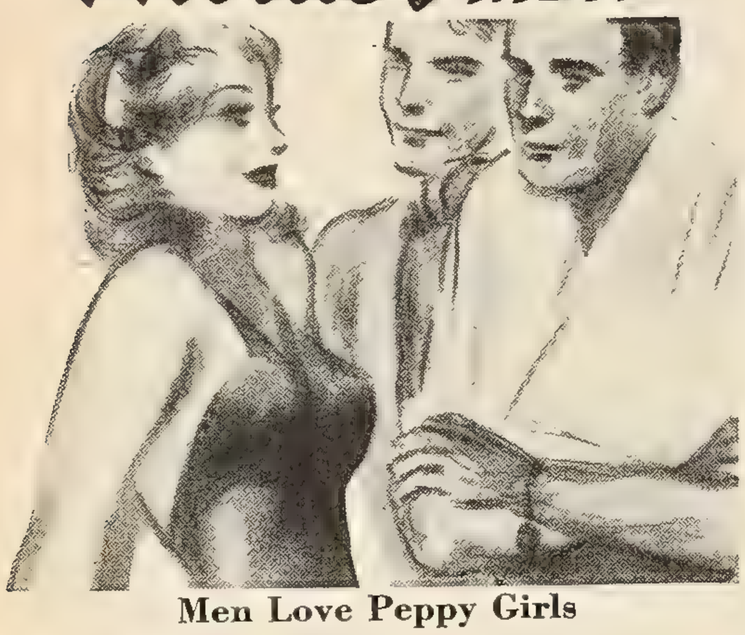
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"AM I HOMELY!"

(Continued from page 31)

faces I have ever seen. Oh, there are times, when I am dressed to go out in the evening, when I catch a slight glimpse of myself and think, 'Not so bad, Davis, not so bad.' The only other allowance I can make for myself, and it's rather a plaintive one, considering how I have just described my eyes, is that, bull-froggishness and all, my eyes are really my best feature.

"And I love beauty, too," said Bette fiercely. "I envy beautiful women. I love sumptuousness in every way. I'm not extravagant, but I would certainly adore to have one wild splurge in my life. I'd love to buy myself luxuries from the skin out. I'd love to have my room entirely cleaned out and then begin all over again, with every single thing new and simply *too* elegant. I'd like to have wonderful underwear, which I've never had in my life. I'd love to have dozens of pairs of mules, the kind that look like butterflies on the feet. I'd buy dozens of dresses, with millions of accessories. I'd buy ten skin sables, the kind that goop all over you. Not minks nor ermines. They don't mean a thing to me. I'd buy dozens of wonderful tailored blouses, the kind that Claudette Colbert wears so often. Just once in my life," cried Bette, "I'd like to sow my wild oats about luxuries."

And as Bette went on, indulging in her mental orgy, I thought that she was doing a better job of skinning the star and revealing the woman beneath than even she knew. For with this confessed love of luxury has gone a common sense, a balance, an economy of living which, like giant indicators, point to a character which deserves a hand off the screen, as well as on. For Bette has, in every way, lived her private life as her husband's wife, thus proving a rare sensitiveness to a situation which could have been intolerable to any man, and usually is.

I CAME to to hear Bette saying, "If I have anything to offer professionally, it's certainly not my beauty. It is, if anything, reality. It's the love of being other people. That's something I was born with. It's something of the same quality, if I may make so proud a boast, that Spencer Tracy gives—that sense of reality so real that you believe he *is* the character he is playing. I love to be other people and I believe that I give to the 'other people' I play a certain uncompromising honesty. Also, I'm conscientious about my work. I strive to please. I treat my work as a job to be done as competently as possible. I don't pull cute tricks on the set. I don't waste my time or the time of others by being late for work, by not knowing my lines. I realize that other people are there to work, too, not to play audience to Davis being the diva.

"I love fame. It's a bad business to go onto the stage or screen just for the sake or the hope of becoming famous. But once you're in the profession, fame is your tangible reward. I thank God for autograph seekers! Annoy me? I love them! But for the fact that people recognize us, we would have no visible indications that our work is being appreciated. I love admiration. I eat it up. I don't always believe it, but it's tonic just the same. I love people. I can't bear to be alone for four *minutes*.

"You said you wanted a personal story?" Bette went on, with that vehemence which is a Davis characteristic. "Well, you're getting one. I'm practically taking myself to pieces, turning myself inside out. I'll now trot out all of my little virtues and most beastly little vices and set them up in neat rows like the nine-pins children play with. This should be the Davis story to end all Davis stories, for it is the *whole* truth.

"Of my virtues, the greatest is, that I'm considerate of other people. I sort of seem to know how other people feel, not only how *I* feel, which is awfully white of me, wouldn't you say?" (I would say, and so have others . . . such as the prop man Bette rescued from going to jail when he was arrested, a frame-up, for drunk driving. Bette came to the rescue, then, with money for bail and money for a lawyer, time and money both . . . and saved the fellow from a miscarriage of justice and from imprisonment . . . and Margaret, Bette's hairdresser, who told me that Bette will hurry with her make-up, do her own hair if necessary, when she knows that Margaret has a date and would like to get off early . . .) "I appreciate things people do for me," Bette was saying.

"My worst fault, the one that sticks its ugly head out beyond its fellows, is my impatience with slow-thinking people, stupid people. I *cannot* suffer fools gladly. I simply *can't*. I'm intolerant of incompetency in servants. I'm intolerant of incompetency in any job. If my car is dirty I'm simply *furious*. If a servant polishes only one vase a day I want that vase polished *flawlessly* and if it isn't I am very disagreeable about it.

"I'm intolerant of false flattery, the brand saleswomen hand out when they tell you that you look too, too divine in a hat which you know makes you resemble a starving Armenian. I'm so intolerant of that kind of false flattery that I feel positively *ugly* about it.

"I'm fairly intolerant of people who don't fight for what they want from life; people who sit back and sigh with *puling* patience and say, 'It's the breaks.' They are always the people who, when things are riding high for them pat themselves on the back and say, 'What a bright boy am I!' I can't *bear* people who are always expecting other people to do for them what they should be doing for themselves. I *never* answer letters from girls who write and ask me to 'get them' in the movies. There's only one person who can get you in the movies, or anywhere else, and that's yourself. No one ever 'got me'



"Wasn't that killing?" William Gargan asks Frank Morgan. And merrily they laugh!

anything. There's a youngster in our picture right now. She came to the casting director of this studio every single day for six months. The first time she came he told her that she was overweight. She didn't go home and whine and say, 'I can't get into pictures, I'm too fat.' No, she went home and lost weight and came back and continued to come back every day for six months and didn't ask for help or so much as a hitch-hike from anybody. And here she is and she's got a nice talent and you'll see her in 'Jezebel.' Her name is Janet Shaw and she'll go places because she uses her own brains.

"I can't stand pale martyrs. I adore people who go out and get what they want. I even admire this gal I'm playing because she goes out and, come hell or high water, gets her man.

I CAN'T bear people, professionals, who discuss their 'marriage problems' in print. In the first and last place, when a marriage becomes more 'problem' than anything else, it's time for the parties thereof to divide the books and go their ways.

"I will not discuss my marriage," yelped Bette. "I'm all through with that. If my husband were an actor, it might not matter, publicity would then be his natural element. But Ham isn't in pictures and it's embarrassing for him to read about *his* private life in my publicity. Besides, I have no marriage problems. Hateful word, problems. I have no more problems than does the wife of a boiler-maker or the wife of a traveling salesman. For if a woman is in love with her husband there are no problems. It's only when she falls out of love that she begins to figure how much she is putting up with.

"I'm not affected by the rumors, the grapevine system of Hollywood, which, with its little slanderous shots and tattletale tendrils, coils around so many hearts here, so many marriages, crushing the life out of them, and the faith. If there's anything important going on in our lives, Ham's and mine, we won't have to read about it in the newspapers. We'll go to press first."

"Let's see, what else? I'm a doggone good housekeeper. My mother drilled that into me with an iron rod. I try to be a wife as well as a moom pitcher star, and so far there have been no complaints. I keep my house myself. I mean, I order the meals, with an eye to the things Ham likes to eat. I inspect my ice box and cupboards as a good New England housewife should. I count the linens, send Ham's clothes to the tailor, inspect bureau drawers and usually put them in order myself.

"I love to talk. It's my favorite pastime.

"I'm not the maternal type and I know it. I would make the most ghastly mother that ever lived. On the other hand, if ever I have a child, and I hope I do, I might turn out to be one of those doting mommers with complexes about sterilizing everything the child touches, even to boiling the woolly lamb.

"I'm horribly possessive. I love the feel of things being mine. I could never adopt a child because I would have to feel that the child belonged to me, was my own flesh and blood or not at all.

"I'm not happy. I'm absolutely frightened to be happy, afraid something might happen. I'm superstitious about it. I'm like the Chinese peasant who shields his sturdy little son from the vengeance of the jealous gods by hiding him with his body, crying out, 'He's a poor thing, Lords, he's ugly and pock-marked and shrivelled.' So I deny my happiness, crying out, 'I'm not happy, Lords, I'm a poor miserable wretch, do not envy me to my destruction.'

"And there is no reason why I should not be happy. I am happy in my home. I am happy in my marriage. I am happy in my work because I love it. I wouldn't give up my work for anything in the world, nor for anyone, not even to save my own heart from breaking.

WHEN I'm not working I like to go away for week-ends. Or I catch up on my reading. Now and then we have a few friends in for an informal supper party. Most of our friends are writers. We never go night-clubbing.

"My favorite foods are potatoes and chocolate bread pudding. I adore them.

"I loathe orchids and those big corsages that always wobble all over me and ruin my dress. I love lilies of the valley, little sprays of them, to pin at my throat, waistline, wherever I please. I'm tritely fond of gardenias. Among my favorite film stars are Garbo, and, of course, Spencer Tracy. I want to play Ibsen's 'Wild Duck' on the screen. I'm skeptical about people. I don't trust people until they've stripped themselves to the bone, so that I can see how their hearts beat and of what stuff their spirits are made. That's one thing this town called Hollywood has done for me, turned a trusting little New England girl into a cynic and a skeptic!

"And now," said Bette, quite savagely, smashing out her cigarette with enough vigor to damp down Vesuvius, "now bring on your candid cameramen, ace interrogators, cross-examiners, and see if they can dig up anything I haven't told on myself!"

Limply, I followed lively Bette to the set and, unamazed, watched her get her man.



Binnie Barnes has the fresh beauty so often found in her native Britain. After successes on the London stage, her movie roles under the direction of the famous Alexander Korda led to a Hollywood contract in 1934. (*See her in Goldwyn's "Marco Polo".*)

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BETWEEN YOU



"Why should an actor once typed remain so until doomsday?" a Minnesota fan pleads.

$5.00 Prize Letter
I Confess

If you'd walk down a certain street in Seattle you'd see a legless man seated on a corner selling his pencils and needles. No matter how hot the sun, no matter how cold the wind, he's always there. If purchases aren't made, people stop to chat and leave a coin in the cup with the comment, "I don't see how you can keep so cheerful just sitting there hour after hour. It's a pleasure to talk with you. . . ."

And then I say, "Well, I get it from the movies!" Twice a week a neighbor takes me to the movies, otherwise I couldn't go. I go to the movies for something real, not just make-believe. And I get it. I'm admitted into a land of youth and romance, a land where the memory of happier days is jogged, days when I was young and whole and dashing like Fredric March, when I had a wife like Norma Shearer and a son like Freddie Bartholomew. There, in the darkness of the theatre I feel a human warmth and sympathy, the world is brimming over with kindness, sparkle and interest.

Perhaps I'm tired of just sitting on a corner; I want to move, to feel free. There in a Western I see myself making a mad scramble for my broad-rimmed hat and my favorite "painted hoss" and my craving for the far, green hills, wide plains and fast riding is satisfied.

The movies have not only given me consolation, intelligent information and romance, but they have taught me to be brave, to have faith and courage. "Seventh Heaven" brought me my favorite philosophy: "Never look down, always look up." The movies—God bless 'em!—M. Matthews, Seattle, Wash.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Please, Don't Type Them

Did you see Irene Dunne in "The Awful Truth" and try to imagine her as she was in Magnificent Obsession?" Did you see "Night Must Fall" and picture Robert Montgomery as the charming Piccadilly Jim? Did you see "Parnell" and remember Gable in "It Happened One Night?" If you did, you're a fop! and I can imagine how much you enjoyed each picture. Yet one of our ardent fans writes to tell us that once you are typed on the screen you must remain in your particular groove until doomsday as far as he is concerned. To be specific—if you have the misfortune to play a swashbuckling villain well in several plays, you are doomed to remain in that category for the rest of your screen career.

One honorable commentator goes even further—he cites an example. It seems that in the role of a priest in "Captains Courageous," Jack La Rue caused quite a sensation—due to his previous gangster pictures. Our "typester" says that when Jack came into the scene as a priest the audience howled. Now I saw this picture twice, and I don't remember the "howling" at any time during the entire feature. May I add that if anyone was fool enough to laugh at Mr. La Rue in that scene, regardless of the nature of his former roles, I hope with all my heart that he bit his tongue.

I'm not advocating actors taking parts they cannot handle, but I do say that it doesn't hurt to try different characters so that they won't become "typed." The word "act" means to be able to portray all kinds of people and all kinds of emotions—and anyone worthy of the name "actor" should be able to step from one role into another with comparative ease. Don't, oh, please don't type our villains—let them have more than one screen personality—give them a chance to show what they can do.—E. A. Nelson, St. Paul, Minn.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Is That Relaxation?

I have just returned from a section of the country where the double feature program has made little headway. What a pleasant change it was upon several occasions to leave the theatre after a two-hour varied program, feeling refreshed with a bit of comedy, broadened by the news, mentally stimulated by a brief educational feature, and inspired, perhaps, by the main feature. Mind you I said two hours!

But, woe is me, upon returning to the metropolitan area, I find that the double feature program is still packing them in at the neighborhood houses, and I'd like to know why!

Unless I foresightedly inquire the showing time of the feature presentation, I must sit through an inferior quickie, coming attractions, advertising, and maybe bingo or bank night before the title I've been waiting for is flashed on the screen. After three or three and one half hours of twisting and squirming to ease my—er—position, I leave the theatre, nigh onto midnight, with an aching back, a splitting head, and my bones fairly screaming protest. Now I ask you, is that relaxation?—Harriet Bossard, New York, N. Y.

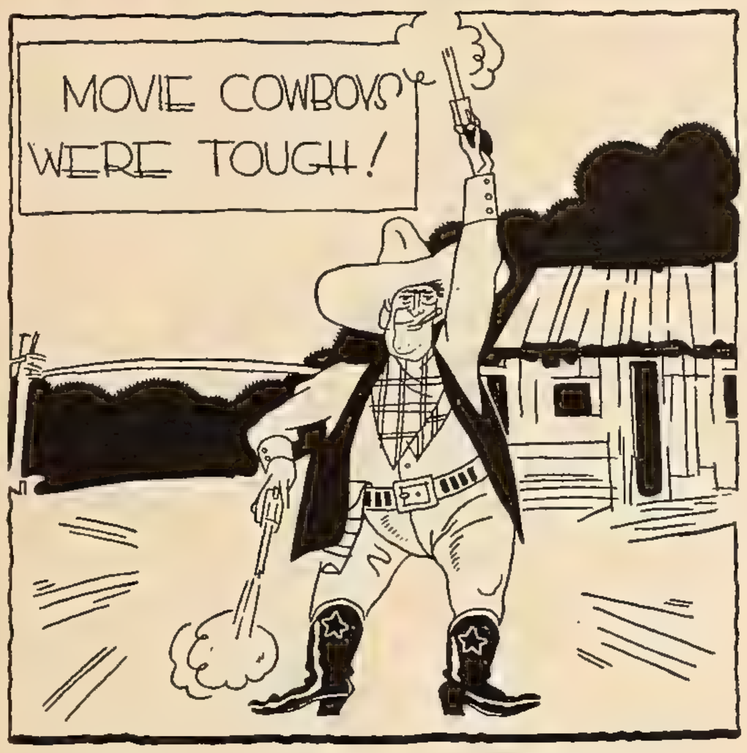
$1.00 Prize Letter
Is it Fair?

Is it fair? I ask myself that question every time I read about a "new discovery"—a star over night.

Many of our foreign stars have been ushered to success over night—some justly, some unjustly—but what about our little starlets who strive for their big chance and get the cold shoulder from their studios? What about those grand little beauties who play bit parts, sometimes stealing the show,

'N' ME

Have your say! Why shouldn't you be the lucky winner of one of our nine monthly cash prizes?



From a young lady in Seattle comes the cry for tougher and rougher Westerns.

but who continue to play these parts until the public recognizes their names? They receive practically no notice from the press until after three or four years and there at least they might get a break.

I cite the example of Marie Wilson. I have watched her every inch of the way. When I read of her getting the lead in "Boy Meets Girl," I gave a sigh of relief. "It's about time!" said I. Why that gal's grand—such comedy, such a personality, and real beauty, too! But how long has it taken Mr. and Mrs. Movie Fan and all the little Movie Fans to recognize her? Not because they didn't enjoy her work! Horrors, no! But because they saw her occasionally, enjoyed her, but not seeing her again for a long time, forgot her. If her studio had played her up big, like some of these overnight sensations, Marie would be right on top today—and rightfully, too.

Why is it some stars have to take the hard road—and others such an easy one? Is it fair? I'd like an answer!—Norma Sharp, Collingswood, N. J.

$1.00 Prize Letter

More Power to Westerns

Where are the good old Westerns? There are, of course, films like "Wells Fargo," "The Plainsman," and "Girl of the Golden West," but it isn't the superproductions in which I'm interested. It's the plain everyday horse-opera which you see at the corner show or sandwiched in on a double-featured bill.

Though they've been stream-lined and bedecked with the most modern touches, though the plaintive and beautiful cowboy melodies add a romantic dash, the old up-and-at-'em pattern with its stock situations is not the same.

Neither are the characters. The heroines

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aren't as fiery and independent—remember the spit-fires Ann Little, Neva Gerber and Ruth Roland? The villains have a strain of Sir Galahad in their Simon LeGree make-up, while nature's nobleman, the hero, is imbued with a streak of Don Quixote. Even the rattle of the gun-fire isn't as menacing as before. The old Westerns were strong pictures! Harry Carey's "Start Reachin'" was enough to make me hang onto the edge of the seat for weeks. Bill Hart thrilled me more than all the Taylors and Powers put together.

Then too, today the love interest is tucked in just as if it were a necessary evil. But the old silents made the love part essential, vivid, alive. And Western stories do it that way, you know.—Samela Parkhurst, Seattle, Wash.

$1.00 Prize Letter
A Change for Sylvia

It's about time someone took the shadows away from Sylvia Sidney and brought out the sunlight that surely must be somewhere within her. Every picture Miss Sidney appears in, she must be the morose, morbid heroine, in the toils of the law, speaking with trembling lips, eyes weary from crying, and railing against humanity's unkindness.

I'm sure she is capable of carrying brighter roles. Why not let her do a good sophisticated comedy for a change? Anything—anything to get her out of those whole-world-against-the-girl roles.—C. L. Mersich, San Francisco, Cal.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Unspoiled Shirley

It seems to me to be more than a happy thought for Shirley's parents to take their wonder child on a personal tour so that the public can see at close range what an honest to goodness real human being this beautiful child is.

It was my good fortune last August to be present on shipboard across the Pacific with Shirley and her parents and at the hotel in Honolulu where they stopped.

Naturally, I was intrigued and observed things closely. To my mind, Shirley is even more beautiful off than on the screen. She had the most charming, unaffected manners in the world—those of a natural, unspoiled child with a spontaneous little smile that won everyone's heart instantly.

Her parents seemed to me to be people of rare good sense who, while keeping a watchful eye over Shirley, were never fussy, conspicuous nor seeking the lime light, either for themselves or their famous little daughter.

Another thing that struck me was the really nice way the public behaved toward Shirley. Always considerate and deferential, they never crowded nor inconvenienced her in the slightest degree. She took the homage as a matter of course, and still remained, as I think she always will, the same darling unspoiled Shirley.—Mrs. J. L. O'Connell, Washington, D. C.

$1.00 Prize Letter
What Price Stardom?

If you'd enjoy living a private life like that of the proverbial goldfish; rising early and working long hours under bright lights; dieting to the point of starvation to thwart a few excess pounds; having your clothes torn to shreds by souvenir-hunting crowds whenever you go out; signing autograph books 'till you have writer's cramp; having people gossip about you, pry into your affairs, and invent all sorts of stories about your past and present; being besieged by reporters whenever you stick your nose out the front door; being told to dye your hair, have your teeth straightened, to be nice to so-and-so because of the effect on your fans; then, my dear, you want to be a movie star.—Margaret Forster, Welland, Ont.

$1.00 Prize Letter
The English Accent

Pardon my English accent, but there's a fellow here by the name of Laughton who has just made a film "Vessel of Wrath" that in point of subtle artistry is way ahead of his Hollywood performances. Of course, there are only six hula dancers instead of the three thousand chorines we have been led to expect in modern spectacles.

But there is a certain quiet satisfaction in viewing a picture that relies on convincing acting rather than vulgar display and I only hope that success will attend such a praiseworthy production.

I like a good tap-dance or blues singer as much as anyone, but the mass attack of noise, numbers and nuts that seem to be an essential feature of today's musical pictures is sending me whacky.—John Lane, London, England.

THE INFORMATION DESK

(*Continued from page 87*)

Marcella Griffith, Paget, Bermuda. The music for the picture "Robin Hood" was written by E. W. Korngold. Music and lyrics for "The Girl of the Golden West" were written by Romberg and Kahn. Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson wrote the music and lyrics for "Mad About Music."

A. Spinelli, New York City. To sell movie stories you should get yourself an experienced literary agent who knows the requirements of the various Studios and can contact the proper executives for you. These days few stories are sold by the author direct.

Katharine Boyer, Savery, Wyo. Cary Grant's real name is Archibald Leach. Paul Muni's name is Muni Weisenfreund. The Ritz brothers' name is Joachim. Fred Allen's name is Sullivan.

Dorothy Beattie, Jackson, Mo. In "The Girl of the Golden West" the part of Jeanette MacDonald (Mary) as a child was played by Jeanne Ellis. You can address her in care of M-G-M Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Jeanette MacDonald was born in Philadelphia, June 18, 1907.

Ruth Ness, Miami, Fla. Bing Crosby was born in Tacoma, Wash. on May 2, 1904. He has blue eyes, brown hair, is five feet nine inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. His children's names are Gary, Dennis, Philip and Lindsay.

Stanford Hale, Lake Sunapee, N. H. Full page pictures of Jean Harlow appeared in MODERN SCREEN in January 1937, and February 1937. If you will send ten cents a copy to our circulation department you may secure these back issues.

Yvonne Claret, Montreal, Canada. Ralph Bellamy was born in Chicago on June 17, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred seventy-eight pounds, has blue eyes and light brown hair.

Shirley Owens, Shaw Island, Wash. The names of the "Dead End" boys are Leo Gorcey, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, Huntz Hall and Gabriel Dell. You can address them in care of Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Cal.

Josephine Newman, Brooklyn, N. Y. Merle Oberon's real name is Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson. She was born on the island of Tasmania, February 19, 1911, of English parents.

THE MYSTERY OF MISS GAYNOR

(*Continued from page 39*)

that's chance. I haven't meant to stay away from them. But it's difficult, when you've worked as constantly as I have. When you're free, they're busy, and the other way 'round. I've made my friends probably as you've made yours. You don't feel that because you write, all your friends must be writers. You go along, you meet someone, something clicks, and there you are. One of my best friends is an actress, one's my hairdresser, one's a doctor, another teaches art appreciation, others I've met at the beach—all are just people I like. It's so simple that it's hard to explain. Does that make it a mystery?

"Of course, when you spend much time with friends who aren't in the limelight, that keeps you out too. At first, there was another reason. I was terribly shy. We jumped into the middle of things so quickly." (The Gaynor "we" includes Janet and her mother). "If I could have been just a girl at a party, I'd have loved to go to parties. But to be somebody people stared at terrified the life out of me."

THAT was in the days when "Seventh Heaven" catapulted her into sudden prominence. She was wild with happiness. There's never been anything blasé about her. A star among stars, she was as excited over their doings as a girl in Podunk. But rather than venture among them, she'd stay at home and get her thrills second hand from Charlie Farrell.

It was Charlie who'd sally forth, top hat and tails, into the wide world, then come back and report to a wide-eyed and eager Janet the marvels he'd encountered. One night he'd dined with the So-and-sos. "And you know where they ate?" His voice promised a minor miracle.

"No. Where did they eat?"

"Well, you won't believe it. It's amazing. They didn't eat in the dining-room at all."

"Not in the ——! Well, for heaven's sake, where did they eat?"

"On a bridge table! In the living-room! Right in front of the fireplace!"

"Not really, Charlie!" Next night she and her mother would sit beaming at each other across a bridge table in front of the fireplace. "Do I look like a movie star now?" Janet would demand.

That phase passed. Timidly at first, then with more assurance, she stepped into the Hollywood social stream. After a while, finding she didn't care for it, she stepped out again. "It's as if you'd gone through an interesting experience, and all of a sudden you're back, living the life you've always wanted to live, where, if you use the wrong fork, it doesn't matter."

Nor does it matter if you don't live in a mansion among the stars. "We were going to build a house like the rest of them, had our lot bought and our plans drawn up. Then we changed our minds. What had started as a small house threatened to turn into a white elephant. You see, when you've lived in a place for a long time, as we have here, you put up with its disadvantages. When you build, you want the earth—a terrace here, a huge dressing-room there and all sorts of things. One day mother said to me, 'We're going to rattle around like a couple of peas in that barn.'

"Then there were the servants." The servants, as it turned out, compose a retinue. First, there's the chauffeur who's been





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with them for eight years. "He's the first I ever had, and I'm the first he ever had. Isn't that nice?" she asked like a gleeful child. Then there's Fanny, the cook. Fanny came to her one day with the story of a sister and brother-in-law in the East who wanted to come to California. "Tell them to come. We'll find something for them to do." Fanny hesitated. "Also they have two children," she finally blurted. Fanny's sister is now the Gaynors' maid. Her brother-in-law works out three days a week, and takes care of the Gaynor garden the rest of the time. The children go to school. The roomy old house accommodates them all. "But by the time you got them into a house on a hilltop, it would be a monster. So we're staying put," she finished contentedly.

She's done what's generally considered impossible to a movie star—kept an originally normal sense of values, ignored the unwritten law that in Hollywood you've got to put up a front. Her beach home—not at fashionable Malibu, but at Venice where the oil derricks bloom—is just large enough for herself and her mother. The cook sleeps over the garage. A stranger, spying her on the beach, would say, "Hm, looks like Janet Gaynor, but it can't be. What would she be doing in a place like this?" That's why she's there. She no longer dreads the limelight. But she finds herself more comfortable in the shade.

Because of her friendship with Tyrone Power, her public appearances have grown more frequent of late. A great deal of nonsense has been rumored and written on the subject of their romance. It's been said, for example, that they fell in love at sight. They first met on the set of "Ladies in Love." Tyrone had been a fan of Janet's for years, but he didn't venture to tell her so. They worked in the same picture, and that was that. Then one night they met at a friend's home. They began exchanging reminiscences of their ushering days.

"My great ambition was to be promoted downstairs," said Janet.

"You too? That makes me feel better. They'd never let me come down from the gallery either. You know what used to keep me awake nights? I'd be holding a couple of seats—"

"I know. And a man would come in and grab one instead of taking a single farther back where you wanted him to sit."

"What did you do?"

"Gnashed my teeth and grinned. What did you do?"

"Grinned and gnashed my teeth."

That was how it started. Tyrone took Janet home. They discovered they had deeper interests in common—a passion for books and ideas. Before long they were spending all their spare time together. Tyrone had met a woman who stimulated him, Janet a man with a mind as eager as her own. If they were also in love, that was their business. They kept their own counsel, as you'd expect them to.

THE business of the gossip-mongers is to watch them like hawks, guess at what they don't know. The formula is simple. If they fail to appear at a nightclub for a week or two, they're no longer friends. The formula fails to take into consideration the pleasure of quiet evenings beside a cozy log fire.

Just about a month ago columnists were featuring the news that "the Gaynor-Power twosome had gone on the rocks." Janet was in Palm Springs. Tyrone was working in "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Even as the tongues wagged, he was hopping a plane, though his studio forbids flying. Arrived at Palm Springs, he spent thirty minutes with Janet, and then flew back again.

Her pleasures are the quiet kind. "A book, a game of golf, a phone call you didn't expect, having a few friends to dinner and talking it over 'round the fire afterwards." She finds deep satisfaction in adventures of the mind. Recently she's taken to painting. It's not her creations that excite her, but the fact that her eyes have been opened to a new and glorious world of color to which she'd been blind. "I'm beginning to see rose and violet," she said, her eyes sparkling, "where I used to see only gray."

There's a core of quietness within Janet Gaynor from which she seems to draw both her cheerfulness and her strength. Partly it's the fruit of her own living and thinking, partly a heritage from the mother to whom she's so close.

Laura Gaynor has the rare adaptability that can bridge the chasm between two generations. She has been the companion of Janet's lighter moments, and her bulwark



Elsie Reade, Vyvyan Donner, Frances Conier and little Barbara Devine enjoy four o'clock tea while making one of Miss Donner's Movietone Fashion shorts. We wonder what the tea leaves tell.

in time of stress. Coming from a simple Philadelphia home, she fought her own shyness as her daughter did, and with the zest for adventure of the young in spirit, marched step for step with Janet into the new life. They smoked their first cigarettes, drank their first cocktails together. Every morning they play golf together. Between them they handle Janet's business. Mrs. Gaynor also shares Janet's sense of values. On those few occasions when fundamental differences have arisen between studio and star, and Janet has brought the problem to her mother, there's been no question of choice for Mrs. Gaynor. "Better make twenty-five dollars a week and be on your own, than go through the torments we've seen some people go through."

"She'd be my friend, even if she weren't my mother," says Janet. "Yet I'm still just her child, and when I make a mistake, she tells me so."

Having learned something of her own method of checking up on herself, you can't help feeling that the need doesn't often arise. Through all her years of stardom, she has never for long lost sight of the girl who used to usher in the gallery of a San Francisco theatre, who used to clerk in an antique shop in Chinatown for nine dollars a week and go home at night, her feet so swollen that she all but cried.

That other Janet keeps a firm hold on Janet the star. She's frank to admit that the star sometimes yields to the temptation of acting like a star. "I'll go into a bungalow and decide I don't like the color of the curtains, and ask to have them changed. But I'm always aware of this other girl inside me, giving me the bird: 'Be yourself, Janet. Remember when you'd have burst with joy at any curtains—let alone a bungalow.'"

She sat silent for a moment, then spoke slowly. "I've been successful easily, so I haven't the same right to talk as people who've been through a great deal. Neither do I mean to sound as if I'd read two pages of philosophy and was trying to give it all out again. But even a movie star," she smiled, "can't help thinking.

"I never get into an elevator without feeling how awful to have to make this thing go up and down, up and down all day. I never go into a beauty shop without feeling a little ashamed. You know how hard those girls work. I drive up in a car, a chauffeur helps me out, I have nothing to do but relax for a couple of hours while they fix me up. 'Are you tired?' they ask me. 'Are you getting enough rest?' And they mean it. It's not just a sales talk. I often wonder how they can keep that attitude when they have so little and I have so much. And I've never wanted anything more than to feel I might be like that, if all this were ever taken away from me.

"Don't misunderstand me. It's lovely to have lovely things. When I was in Venice, I bought some Venetian glass. It was my first visit and I thought, 'Here goes. This time I'm going to do it up brown.' Of course I enjoy having it and looking at it and using it, because it's beautiful. But what if I worried every time it was brought out? What if I kept thinking, suppose somebody breaks it? I'd be letting it make me miserable instead of happy, deliberately hurting myself—for what? I never want anything to possess me so I can't let it go.

BECAUSE in the final analysis," said Janet, a curious gentleness in her voice, "though things can possess you, you can't possess anything—but yourself. Suppose you're in love. Who tells you it's going to last? Suppose you're happily married. Who tells you an accident won't destroy your happiness? What's inside yourself—that's the only thing in this world you're sure of. That's what you have to live with. So why not make the best you can of it?"

There is no mystery—at least, none of Gaynor's making. There's a girl who's passed through the glitter, and come out at the other end, serene, wise, kindly, compassionate. I remembered Tyrone Power's saying to me once, "Janet makes me feel more alive than anyone I've ever met. She starts things going in my head that I never knew were there. She'll make a casual remark that'll throw a search-light on something I'd been groping for in the dark. I never realized before how exciting it was just to talk."

Those closest to them are convinced that they'll never marry, that their feeling for each other will, by its nature, mellow into a staunch and lasting friendship. Once you've had a taste of her quality, you can understand how winning Janet Gaynor as a friend would enrich any life.

HE WANTS TO DISAPPEAR

(*Continued from page 46*)

a private plane and flies, he and the pilot, by themselves. Slim flies sometimes for a couple of days. He likes, also, to go on a bust, a bender. When he is feeling a little tightish, his laziness vanishes, gives way to prodigious energy. He usually goes to San Francisco. He tears up the town and has a terrific time. His best pal in San Francisco is Frank Martinelli of the Bal Tabarin. They do up the town from Nob Hill to Chinatown and back again.

SLIM LIKES to go into his kitchen and mess about with a meal, which, he says, no one can eat. He is the biggest softie in the world. A hand held out to Slim is a hand filled, without question. He is especially a "softie" when it comes to ragged little newsboys. There is one thing in the world which could rouse Slim from his loafing—and that is the thought of a kid in need. That appeal has never failed.

He is of the school of Isaak Walton, of Thoreau, men who counted the world well lost for the woods and streams, men who watched the sunsets and felt no need of theatres nor of society. He is of the ilk of Will Rogers, is Slim, kin to all plain and homely men with homespun hearts. He has one passion in life—his young adopted son. He has one ambition in life—to loaf. He has one plan and aim in life—to disappear, utterly and completely.

Slim Summerville was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, on a tenth of July over forty years ago. His mother died when he was five. His father took him to live with an aunt in Chatham, Ontario, Canada. But Slim was constantly "disappearing." So when he was ten, he was sent to live with another aunt in Oklahoma. It was there, a year or so later, that he first wanted, consciously, to "disappear"—and did. He ran away, not to "make his fortune," as is customary in fiction. No, Slim didn't aspire to worldly gain. The Fords, the Morgans, the Rockefellers have always left him cold. He ran away from the schoolroom. He ran away from "being a name on the roll call." He ran away from books, and from learning "things that don't matter."

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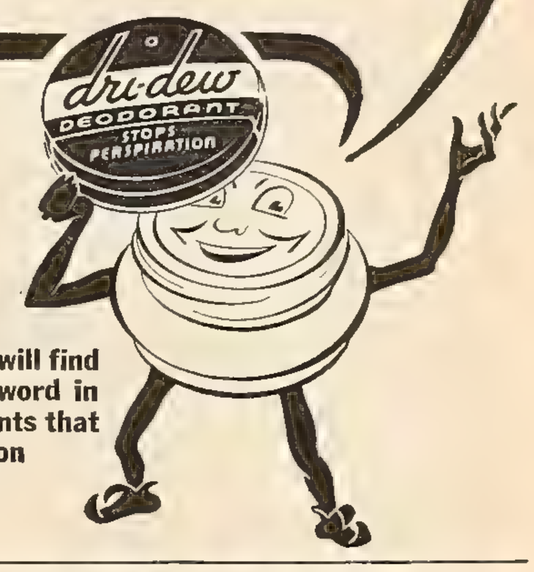
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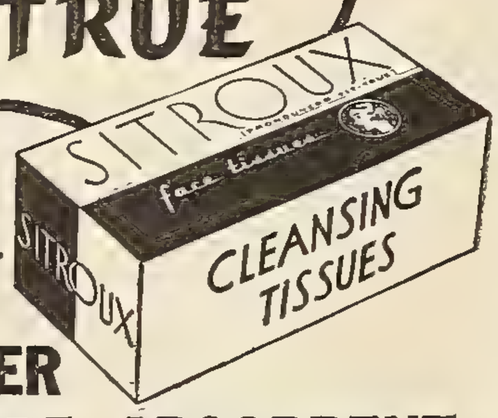
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For six years Slim knocked about the United States, Canada, and Mexico. He worked in coffin factories, and thought "it wouldn't be bad to be dead." He worked in brick yards, lumber mills, machine shops. Occasionally he played small parts in amateur shows. He kind of liked that. It was one way of disappearing, for when he put on a costume and grease-paint, he wasn't George Somerville at all. He was someone else. His own identity "disappeared." He worked in the fields, and forests, in shops and cities. He learned that the less you say the better off you are, the less you do the more time you have for loafing and inviting your spirit.

In Tootencarry, New Mexico, in the course of his wanderings, Slim "found" his father. Slim landed there after riding the rods for long, wild nights. He was hungry and he wanted a meal. He had "two bits" and a railroad pass belonging to his father, whose face he didn't remember, whose whereabouts he didn't know.

The tall station master looked long at the bit of pasteboard which was a railroad pass. He looked long at the tall, hungry, dusty young man who was carrying it. He said to the lad, "How much have you got on you?" "Two bits," the boy replied. The station master, without blinking, took the two bits from the boy, told him to go and eat his fill at the adjacent lunch wagon. When the boy returned to the yard he found awaiting him not only the two bits but—a father. They have seldom been separated since.

SLIM, "on the bum," rode the rods into Los Angeles. He planned to visit an uncle there, get a job, send for his Dad. He didn't find the uncle. He "postponed" his meals for three days. Finally, in desperation, he took a job as a poolroom porter, washing out the cuspidors, racking up the balls. And in the course of time he became acquainted with a jovial chap, though dour of face, named Edgar Kennedy.

Edgar was a small-time comedian at a movie studio, and through his good offices Slim secured work at the, to him, princely sum of three dollars and fifty cents a day. He became a fixture on the studio police force. He was so tall, so thin, so gloomy. And, best of all, he could "take a pie." Why not, when the gravel of most of the road-beds in the country had zinged him in the face?

He became the first "guaranteed" extra in the business. For, when other studios sought him, his own offered him the astounding guarantee of four working days a week for twelve dollars flat rate. Slim took the guarantee. He was featured in a series of comedies. He became one of his studio's ace directors.

Then over went Slim Summerville to another lot and for several years directed Clyde Cook and "Unreal Newsreels." He moved over to a third studio and directed a series of shorts featuring Arthur Lake. He guesses that the grease-paint must have seeped into his blood, perhaps on account of how he was always too lazy to wash it off at nights. Anyway, he decided to return to acting.

Slim's first real recognition came when he played in "Troopers Three," and he got his big break as Tjaden in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Since then he has done the same role in "The Road Back," Tjaden being the only character who lives on in the sequel. For a time he was co-starred with Zasu Pitts, but he doesn't believe in "teams." He played with Will Rogers in "Life Begins at Forty," and was promptly signed to a long-term contract. His favorite role was in "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

He likes his work. It's easier than any way he knows of making the same rather more-than-substantial living. It's because his wide-open heart automatically opens his hands and wallet that he isn't a very wealthy man. He never will be. He's just not the type.

Summerville guesses that his work has improved. There's some characterization to it now. He doesn't have to "take pies" any longer. He isn't just a comic. The character he plays on the screen is a four-dimensional, definite identity. He spends most of his off-the-set time in the studio playing with Shirley Temple, wrestling with Jane Withers.

He could write, as perhaps no one else could, the saga of a quarter century of Hollywood, memories of the days when Gloria Swanson, Charlie Chaplin, Wally Beery, Zasu Pitts, Marie Prevost and others were "taking pies" at Sennetts. He never will write it because, he says, "I never paid much attention to 'em." He changed his name from Somerville to Summerville. He doesn't know just why. "Perhaps because it was one way of disappearing a little," he says.

He told me the other day, "I have only one aching desire in my life—to have my boy with me every hour of every day. I couldn't love that little feller more if he were my own flesh and blood. He's grown right into me. Why, he even looks like me. I plan to adopt another baby, maybe two more, another boy, and a baby girl. That's all I want to do."

Most people don't know that Slim adopted small Elliott before the child was born. He knew the case, and circumstances. When Elliott was four days old, Slim took him to the hospital, had him placed in an incubator. He was premature, delicate. His chances were slim. Every care that money could buy, that love could suggest, Slim gave to that baby. At home he had a model nursery installed. He had nurses and doctors. He sent him to nursery school. Elliott is indeed the child of Slim's spirit, the inheritor of his heart.

"I have only one ambition in life," Slim was saying, "and that's to loaf. And what I mean by loafing is to do exactly what I feel like doing. I don't sit and think—I just sit. Or I fish or wade around out there in the ocean. I want to take my wife, 'Brownie,' and my boy, Elliott, and just live and loaf and be unknown. That's all I ask of life."



Take it from Johnny Davis, this movie business is serious! His next is "Garden of the Moon."

SHE'S A SOFTIE

(*Continued from page 47*)

warmth, good nature. Letting police dog lie wherever it may be, you subtly assume Miss Oliver's bark is worse than her bite.

"Indeed it is!" she laughs. "I'm not actually the hard-boiled old woman I'm supposed to be. I'm really a nice lady," this with a gay grimace to let you know she isn't taking herself seriously. "The rest is Hollywood, which probably will never give me any rest from the type of part I'm forever doing. Still, there's a bit of variety from time to time. In 'Parnell,' for example, I played a wealthy old aunt with great understanding of life—regal, Victorian, witty—and to a dull person like myself it was gratifying to be witty!"

Another merry peal rings with her sense of humor. To your great delight, you find that she is really good fun.

"For the life of me," she declares, "I've never been able to understand why Hollywood gave me parts designed to frighten little children. I was a little girl myself once, if you can believe it. Not a very nice little girl, I'm afraid, for I loved to dress up outrageously and give most shocking imitations of people who came to the house. As a child I was crazy to act, the only one in our family with this obsession, so today I have no one to blame but myself. To add to the mystery, all my forbears were straight laced New Englanders."

NOW you understand that brass knocker. Your understanding grows when Miss Oliver mentions her birthplace, Boston, with an accent pure and unmistakable.

"A violent change took place when I went on the New York stage," she relates. "Advised there might be a part for me in a musical comedy, of all things, I went to the theatre where it was in rehearsal, galoshes, umbrella and all. My dismal appearance among those gay people was, apparently, so affrighting that it stopped the rehearsal. Everybody simply stood and stared. But I got the part. It was in 'Oh, Boy!' No, I didn't sing, but I did a dance—yes, really. I played a Quaker aunt. She had never felt her oats, poor thing, but someone put something in her cambric tea and the old lady got quite ginny."

When, drunk with unholy mirth, you remark that even the most rigid may find it agreeable to relax on occasion, Miss Oliver, with a twinkle in her eye, agrees.

"True. But, believe me, it is quite impossible to relax in forty weeks of one-night stands. That was part of my three-years' experience in 'Oh, Boy!' And when I was making one picture, 'Parnell,' I had to stand up hours on end. My dress weighed no less than fifty pounds, and I wore steel corsets that made me feel like a by-product of the United States Steel Corporation. I couldn't sit down in the darn things without cramping my style, not to mention other trifles, so I did a lot of heavy standing around. About eleven every morning I was ready to fold up. But, instead, I just bucked up."

This woman of steel sighs and lights a cigarette before you can beat her to a match. Then, "I tire very easily. I'm up at six o'clock, then work at the studio till six, but I always quit on the dot. The producer caught me at it one evening when we were making a picture and exclaimed, 'Great Scott, do you belong to a union? The minute it's six you drop your tools!' He was right. With me it's just a hard grind. I'm really not too strong."

For the first time you notice that this vital actress of vigorous roles is, physically, a curious contradiction. She is actually frail, utterly unlike the screen characterizations she embodies so robustly.

"I have an idea," she reflects, "that audiences always think I'm like the woman I happen to be playing. I don't like to have them think that. I'd really love to be bright and gay in pictures. I made this happy suggestion to studio powers one time, but they couldn't see it at all, even though I assured them that most of my parts on the stage had been very humorous. They reminded me that in Hollywood I was established in a wholly different line of parts. So they always hand me an old hyena role, and I have to keep on barking my head off."

TOO bad, now that you're ready to swear on a stack of dog biscuits that there isn't a bite in a carload of her barks.

"Of course," she admits, "this isn't all as bad as it sounds. The parts I play are hard, but at the same time they have a certain softness. At least I try to find this in them. I liked Aunt Betsey Trotwood for the little warmth in her, and my one hope and aim was to bring it out. To me she was like so many people who, for some reason, seem set on hiding their better nature. Perhaps this is due to a shrinking from any outward display of their inner qualities. Most people, I imagine, are hopelessly shy."

You suspect Miss Oliver to be speaking, not of others, but really of herself, making a sort of confession.

"I paid my money four times to see 'Romeo and Juliet,'" she says. "That may sound conceited, as though I went to see myself. But I didn't. For one thing, I went again and again just to hear the music of that fine score. But that wasn't all. Each time I found something new in the picture, a new beauty and meaning. Finding myself in it was, somehow, always a surprise. If, when I was on the stage, anyone had told me I should one day be in Shakespeare I'd have thrown up my hands in amazement.

"But that is Hollywood. After eight years here it still continues to astonish me. It is always doing strange things. Quite the strangest now is its plan of pairing romantic couples in real life as screen lovers. This was never done in the stage world. It never occurred to a theatrical producer that there might be 'box-office' in such a combination. Not that I feel any immediate likelihood of its affecting me. Thus far, at any rate, Hollywood has shown no wild desire to cast me opposite Clark Gable or Robert Taylor in throbbing, heart stirring romance."

An oversight, no doubt. Yet you feel certain Hollywood has by no means failed to grant Miss Oliver rewards of a much more lasting nature.

"Most of all," she gratefully replies, "Hollywood has given me this house, the only home I have known since leaving the one I knew as a girl. By playing hard old women I've managed to make it rather soft for myself. There is nothing I appreciate so much as having a roof over my head. Here I am content. I never go anywhere, except to symphony concerts."

That Miss Oliver goes far in her love of music is obvious, for living at least twenty-five miles from Los Angeles she evidently is more than willing to travel twice this distance to get what she wants—and needs. Evidence of this is offered by her fine piano. Equally fine, you sense, is the artist in the woman, making her solid and substantial in her values, not mere foam on that ferment called Hollywood.



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Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

"Would you care to see my house?" she inquires expectantly.

It is the biggest little house you have ever seen. You go admiringly from room to room, one walled with books and all sunny, cheerful, homelike, then out into a garden bright with flowers. There are many charming things—but neither hide nor hair of that other thing. This is the only mystery about the frankly domestic lady of the house on the hill. And you know, even before she tells you at that brass-knockered door, "I'm just an old-fashioned home-body."

Never mind about anything else. Shutting the white gates, you smile indulgently at their fearsome warning, "Beware Police Dog!" Nonsense. Edna May Oliver can't scare you any more! You'll wager now that she doesn't even have a police dog!

HIGHLIGHTING HERSHOLT

(*Continued from page 50*)

has switched clothes and will get into the other's place and look up to see if the new girl can tell the difference."

Lighting his pipe, Jean Hersholt settled back comfortably, to continue a subject near his heart. "Those babies are as strong and sturdy as any healthy four-year-old children. The public will see an entirely different set of Quints this time. Heretofore they haven't had benefit of lighting to really be photographed properly. Now that they are a little older they'll have the opportunity to profit from better camera effects. Of course, you knew their pictures have never been retouched? Well, when we see an unretouched photo of ourselves we wonder if it can be real, it's so bad. From now on, you'll see some vast improvement in each of those five little girls when you see them in the movies.

"This new picture is called 'Five of a Kind' and, if you know your poker, that's tops. I play the country doctor again, but the girls will have much more to do this time. There's a very cute song called 'All Mixed Up,' which will be adorable for them. I'm very happy about making another picture with them and I'm looking forward to the three weeks I will spend up there with my five leading ladies!"

Since there's been so much publicity about the return of the Quints to their parents, we were anxious to hear the latest bulletin first hand.

"I think the babies will eventually go to the Dionnes. However, I think the first thing will be to build a new nursery for them, as the one they have at present is far too small. Of course there's been some bad feeling, but I feel sure they will build a big place, and have one side for the family with the other side fixed up for the babies. Mr. Dionne, who is one of their guardians with Dr. Dafoe, now goes to meetings and takes more of an interest in things than before, so it looks much more encouraging.

"Dr. Dafoe has certainly handled everything in a dignified manner and deserves lots of credit. He has difficulties to combat, but you'd never know it. He's a fine man. And, too, I'm sure if my children were wards of the Crown, I'd be pretty well satisfied, especially when I saw how well they were treated."

AFTER a quarter of a century in pictures, Jean Hersholt has been one of the few actor's to run the gamut of characters. There's no type part he hasn't enacted at one time or another in his colorful career. The interesting thing is the transition he has made from bad men to the kindly, sympathetic parts he is now portraying so well.

"I don't think I really know just how I came to graduate from villains to the thing I do now. The transition was so gradual that the fans accepted me. You know, I played the title role in 'The Beast of the City' and I was the Beast for true. After that, I began to get sympathetic roles until, finally, I graduated to Sonja Henie's picture Papa and playing with the Dionne Quints. You know, in October I begin another picture as Sonja's Papa. It's my next after 'Five of a Kind.' Sonja's a fine girl, with a real head for business, too, and just as sweet as she can be.

"I've just finished 'I'll Give a Million,' where I play a clown. My partner in that was a Chimpanzee! I assure you it was no fun working with him either. They say after five years chimpanzees get nasty and this fella was seven, with a head start on all others. When I turned my back, he'd pinch me so hard that I'd bleed, but all in good clean fun, of course! Then there were the boxing sequences and he hit so hard my chest was black and blue for days. After this picture it would be a pleasure to do a good juicy villain, just for a change y'know!"

AN actor's life at best seems speculative. In fact, often a seemingly good break in the way of a part will spell finis to his chance for the future. While, on the other hand, an apparently bad bit of casting may mean a new lease on movie life. However, even though Jean Hersholt is the exception that proves the rule, he has camera comrades who suffer from the ill fate of the aforementioned.

"It seems a pity that when someone does a good job of acting it should react against him," the country doctor explained. "You remember John Qualen, who has played the Quints' father in their films? Well, he's a fine actor, but, since these pictures, he can't appear in anything serious, because the fans won't believe him. Recently he had a dramatic role and the minute he raised his head, the audience began to laugh. When he landed the first assignment he felt it was a grand chance for him, never realizing the public would always associate him with 'Papa Dionne.' Unfortunately, he's typed now and it's pretty tough to break away from that sort of thing once you've gotten into it.

"When I used to do heavies exclusively, I never thought I could get away from them, but I sat right down and figured it all out. Most of my characters were bewhiskered men of one sort or another. So, for each one, I used an entirely new set of whiskers and makeup, so the fans wouldn't get too bored with me. I think that's one reason I was able to make the transition comparatively unnoticed. Of course, it was this stunt, coupled with my first real break, playing with Marie Dresser in 'Emma'. From that time on I became a sympathetic human being."

This will give you a rough idea of what Jean Hersholt has accomplished through twenty-five years service in the picture world. During Mr. H.'s time he's seen many changes, many stars come and go, but nothing seems to give him nearly the genuine thrill of his latest find, the prospect of publishing these newly unearthed Hans Christian Andersen fairy tales. Hasn't it some slight connection with his great affection for the Dionne Quints?

PUT YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD

(*Continued from page 45*)

they need darkening. You can raise your eyebrows almost a quarter of an inch by this trick, and train them to stay in position, too. Conversely, if your eyebrows are too far away from your eyes, giving you a constant surprised look, you can train them down. A little judicious plucking, on the under or upper side, as is necessary, will help.

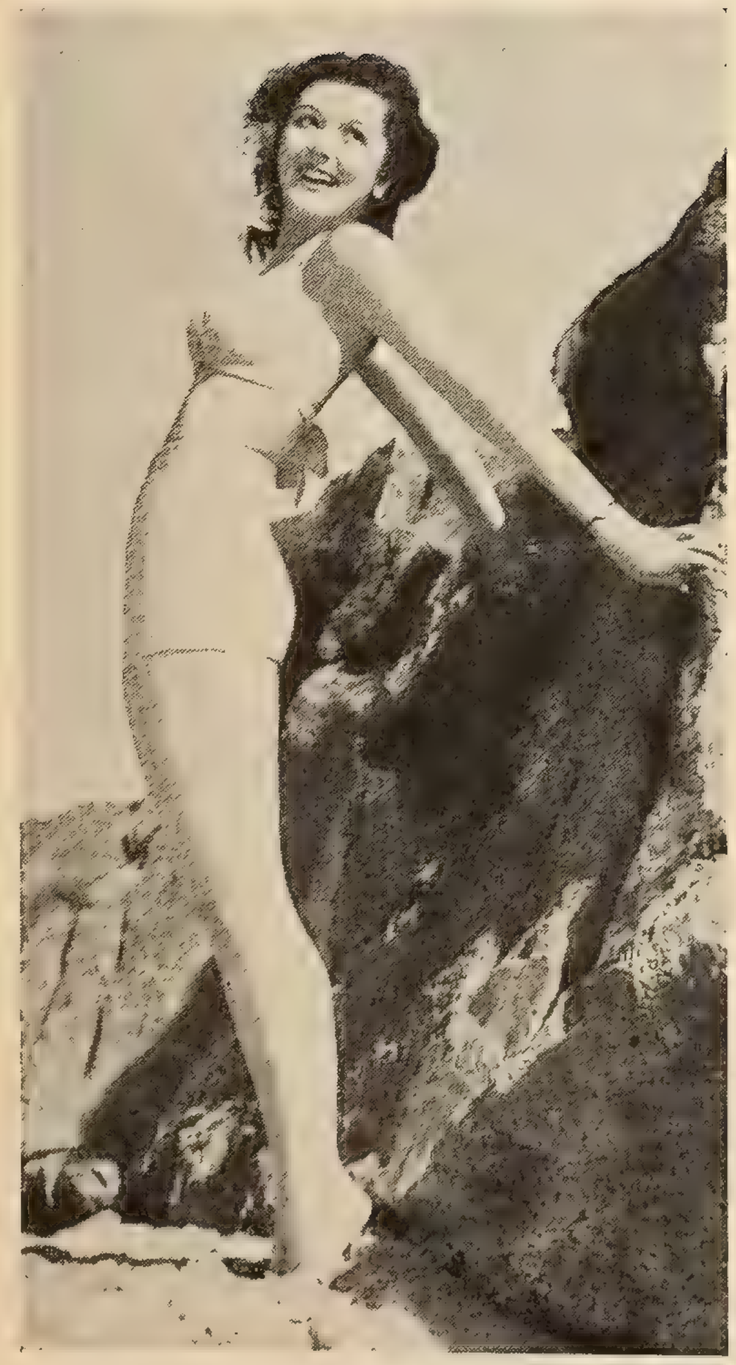
Personally, I think mascara is a swell thing and I feel undressed if I'm not sporting a touch of it, but there are girls who declare they can't get the hang of using it. Maybe you're one, and your eyes are just crying, figuratively not literally, for it. Putting it on is a knack and one which requires a little practice, but once you get the knack, you'll be able to whisk a little glamor onto those eyes of yours with as much ease as you powder your nose. Have the brush damp, not wet. I like to run hot water over the mascara cake itself rather frequently—it keeps it moist and nice and easy to use. Maybe this ain't delicate, but old hands at the art of applying mascara claim that saliva is a much more satisfactory lubricant than water. Yeah, I said 'twarn't delicate, but nine out of ten models, stars and glamor girls do it.

THE kind of lashes which are easiest to make up are those which—like my own—are sort of thin, fine, stringy and nondescript. The kind which are very difficult to make up are the thick, short, bristly lashes—the kind which are dark enough to hold their own, but which are too short and stubby to be beautiful. Here I advise the application of oil or cream first. Perhaps a dab of powder on top of the cream—an old movie star trick—will make the mascara cling better. If the average good commercial makes of mascara which you can buy anywhere do not seem to work for those of you whose lashes are thick, but short and unglamorous, see if you can get your paddies on a cake of theatrical mascara. It comes in a block, and has wonderful staying powers. Or use a cream mascara—harder to get used to, but very elegant looking once you get the trick.

Do you have rouge-trouble? Does rouge seem to do nothing whatever to put umph into your face? Then don't do what we all are apt to do. That is, go doggedly on, placing the same kind of rouge in the same spot every day, hoping against hope that if you're extra neat and careful in applying it, some miracle will take place to make you beautiful. Try something else. Use no rouge at all, perhaps. Yes, I know—after wearing bloom-out-of-a-box for years, you feel a bit undressed at first.

Five-six years ago, when the electric Miss Lombard was a-busting into pictures, she was buxom, over-bedecked and over-rouged. She slimmed down to streamline proportions. As a matter of fact, she's a smitch too thin right now, if you ask me. But anyway, the slimming process brought out the truly beautiful modelling of her face, and when a face is nicely modelled, 'tis a sin to put rouge on it—except (ah! always an exception) at night, maybe, when you may put a touch of rouge, not on the curve of your cheeks, but in the hollows of the same.

This must be done with care and cleverness and you must practice a little to get the right effect, and you must have that



Who's this? A mermaid on our shores? No, it's our own Ann Rutherford.



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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

hollowed-in look just below the cheekbones, a la Dietrich and Lombard, to do it at all. Lessee if I can think of some other movie star examples—stars who could and stars who could not employ this trick. Well, of the belles who adorn the beginning of this article, Garbo could, Ginger could not. Loretta couldn't. Gladys Swarthout could. See what I mean?

If you're using cream rouge and have trouble, switch to cake rouge or liquid rouge. And vice versa. And there's a new cosmetic aid out, which isn't a rouge at all. It imparts a very natural-looking glow to the face. And in some of the hoity-toity beauty parlors, they use a trick for thin faces. It's a little difficult to do, but it looks grand if you can work it.

Rouge—oh, but very little—is put on portions of the friendly old face you never heard of before. Not on the curve of the cheeks at all, but in the hollows of the temples, blended very carefully, and on the eyelids, and at the outer corner of the eyes and on the point of the chin. So little is used that it's almost like using a pink powder on these parts of the face, and then one is powdered carefully all over the pan with the regular shade of powder. The pink glow in the hollows of the temples and so on adds roundness to a thin face.

Akin to this trick is the stunt of using two shades of powder, the darker shade to highlight your face as rouge will. This isn't difficult to do and you might try it if you're tired of the way you look.

To wind up the cosmetic department, let me mention again the wonderful help to beauteh that these new lipstick pencils are. If you're one of these girls—like myself—who get their mouths painted on a different shape every time, dash right out and buy a lipstick pencil in your pet shade. You can outline your mouth just grand with one of these, and fill in with the regular lipstick. And the pencil is awfully handy for repairing the lipstick quickly, too. Use taste and judgment with it, as with all things. Don't draw your mouth on so hard and definite that it don' look purty. Blot the paint job with tissue for the most natcherl effect.

Before I forget, I want to pass along two beauty tricks from our songbird, Gladys Swarthout, which struck me as being awfully good. After cleansing her face, Gladys puts on a nourishing cream and polishes her skin with small squares of turkish toweling—old turkish toweling, which is soft and non-irritating. And—put this down in your book and remember it—Gladys Swarthout brushes her hair five hundred strokes a day. I am *not* telling you a story, my pets.

You see, Miss S. figured it out this way: her hair is not a glamorous color. It's neither golden, nor flaming red nor jet black. It's a plain, nice, hair-colored brown, just like the hair on millions of you girls' heads. But, thought Gladys, is there any reason why plain brown hair shouldn't be pretty? Of course not. So instead of monkeying around with dyes and things, trying to make her hair something it wasn't, she took the common-sense route to beautiful hair and made it shine and gleam with a good old fashioned brushing.

BRONZE and golden lights will come out in dark brown and light brown hair if you will shampoo and brush it. Coarse hair will be crisp and manageable, but look soft and never get that rusty, bristly look if you brush it. Fine hair, instead of sitting dankly down on the scalp, and looking thin and miserable, will have fluff and life to it. If there's the slightest tendency to natural wave or curl in your hair, brushing will bring it out. If your hair is just naturally as straight as a poker, it will hold a wave much longer after brushing.

By the way—joost in passing—if you're going in for one of the newer up-on-the-head coiffures, here's a cute trick. Have some little Victorian nape-of-the-neck curls permanented. For an occasional evening affair, let them show there at the back of the neck—very feminine and quaint. Other times, comb them up into the rest of the hair. The permanent will give them body and they'll stay put, doing away with that untidy wispy look.

When it comes to your figure here is a surprising but sterling hint from no less an authority than Orry-Kelly, head designer for one of the studios. It sounds odd, but it makes sense—you see if it doesn't. He says you should conceal, to some extent, your best figure points, in order to minimize figure faults. Let me explain.

Figures are all mixed up, as a rule. The figure that's beautiful all over is the exception. The figure that's terrible all over is the exception. A chunky, stocky body



Pretty little Anne Shirley went right on eating and John Howard Payne went right on lifting that right eyebrow while the candid cameraman did his little chore.

CARNIVAL GIRL

Moon-silvered dusk. Throbbing beat of music and the click of the roulette wheel. Scent and sound and laughter—but only grim terror to the girl who hid, crouched low, behind the terrace wall—safe for a moment from the desire in Ettienn's black eyes and the sting of his cruel whip.

Recklessly she vowed to destroy herself rather than submit to his cruelties. But something held her back. Could it be the strange warmth that filled her heart as she thought of the grey-eyed stranger—of his strong bronzed face and the thrill of his arms about her as they danced together at the Casino?

For one ecstatic moment she had been happy—now hopes and dreams crashed about her—her world seemed to be spinning like the Casino's roulette wheel. And where would it stop? Would she win or lose?

Read this thrilling story of the love and adventures of a French carnival dancer. It appears in the SEPTEMBER SWEETHEART STORIES. Don't miss it!



Sweetheart Stories

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often winds up in a pair of legs as slim and exquisite as Ginger Rogers' own. A tiny waistline suddenly zooms out into too much hip. The girl with the pretty, trim figure feels that her life is ruined because she has fat legs. And so on.

Now, says Monsieur Orry-Kelly, one should *not* play up and dramatize a pretty pair of legs, a tiny waist, a Venus-like bust development, unless the rest of us matches up. The plump girl with the slim legs should wear her dresses long enough to slim her body, even if it breaks her heart not to show her legs. The tiny waist with the large hips should be more or less loosely fitted until the hips are slimmed down. Understand?

More about making the best of figures. Out Hollywood way, all the girls have pretty darn good looking figures, some really beautiful, all pretty good. Furthermore, the stars are, generally speaking, little women. A size sixteen is the exception out there. When we use the stars as models of figure beauty, we're inclined to forget this. The average American girl is taller, huskier, heavier boned than the average star. What I'm getting at is a little preachment for the "big" girl, the girl who wears an eighteen or a twenty, even, and who tries to copy too much the dress and get-up of her favorite star.

WHY, nowadays, eighteens and twenties are spoken of in sort of a hushed tone as if it weren't quite nice to be tall. Phooey. If you are slim and in proportion, if the tum is flat and the hips minus bulges, you have just as much claim to beauty as the little wisps of girls. In fact, an artist would say you have more claim to beauty. But don't commit the mistakes so many tall, big girls commit. Wear your proper size. I know—the cheaper dresses put all their prettiest styles into the smaller sizes. When you hunt for an eighteen or a twenty, you run into dreary old Mother Hubbard affairs you wouldn't be caught dead in. So you do one of two things—squeeze into a sixteen, which is wrong, or unhappily buy something that will "do" and hate it every time you wear it.

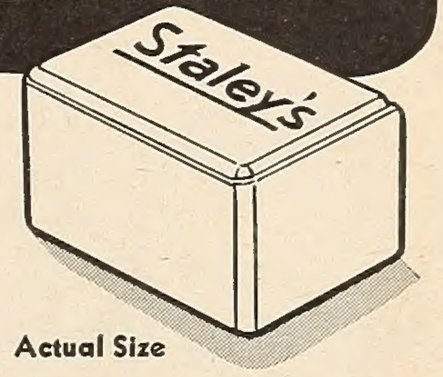
Yuh gotta pay more for things if you're tall and big, sister, and you might just as well make up your mind to it. Go to the better shops. Better dresses run larger, have generous seams and good hems. Instead of running one dress style through the whole range of feminine sizes and shapes, there are special, suitable styles for you and special, suitable styles for your eentsy-teentsy girl friend.

If you have hat-trouble, you must pay more for hats. There are the fortunate people who can put on nine hats out of ten and look well. They can pick up bargains. They can jam the little dollar-ninety-five caps on their heads and look cute.

But if the nine out of ten hats make you look rather nutty, find yourself the clever milliner, or go to the hat shop whose prices are a little bit frightening, or stick rigidly to those plain, moderately priced well made sport types, made by several nationally known manufacturers, and no matter how your soul aches for something a little bit mad in the hat line, do not be tempted.

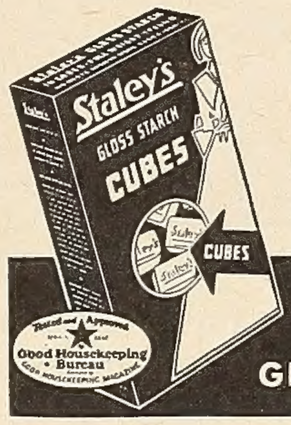
Well, now, in closing, I wanna tell you that I'm on the trail of some specially posed pictures for an early article, showing you some very special and clever tricks which are whipped up in the Hollywood studios. If some kind lady will step up and pose for us while one of the studio make-up experts dolls up her face, I do believe we will have something there. I want to show you exactly how an average-looking gal, properly made up, becomes a beauty, and how clever brush work can conceal facial faults in a truly magical manner. Be watching for it!

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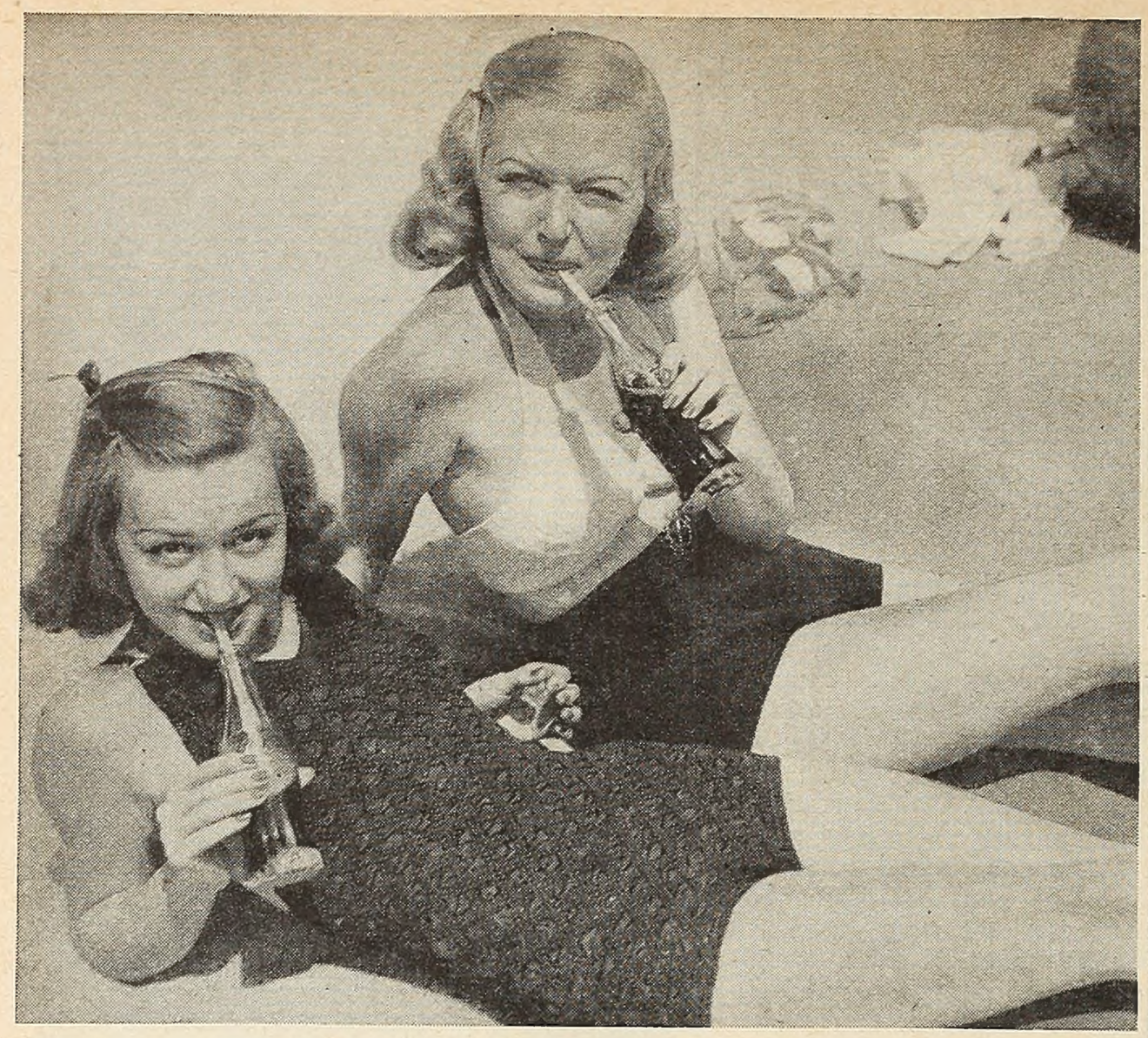


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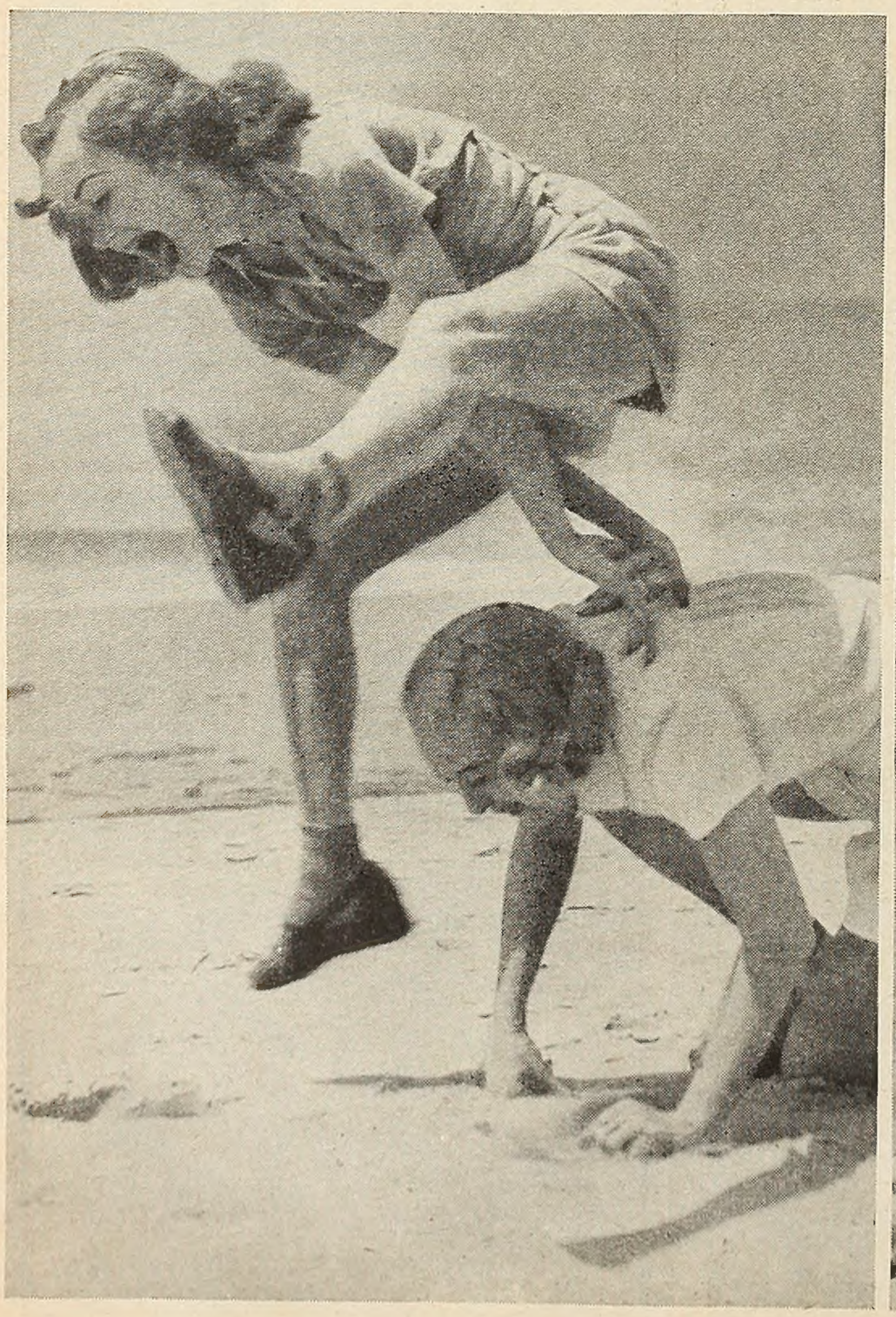
Anne Shirley (the smile) and Vicki Lester (the squint) do a little light imbibing in good old Roman style.



"But don't go near the water!" Meanie Anne leads on despite Vicki's anguish. Anne'll have her wading yet!

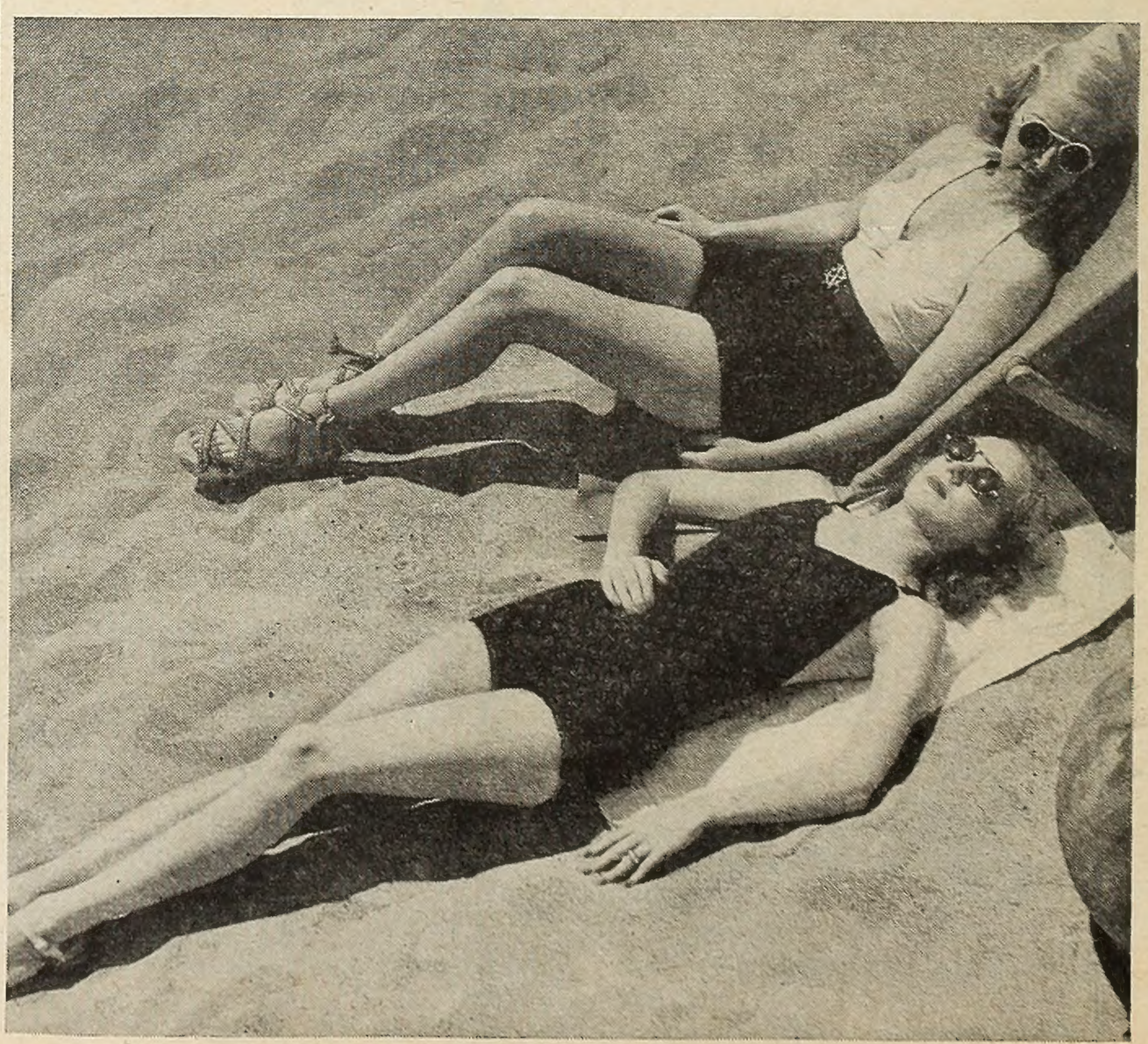
BEACH BELLES

Oop! Over she goes! There's nothing like a rollicking game of leap frog when peppy gals get together.



Anne Shirley and Vicki Lester "hang their clothes on a hickory limb"—etcetera

Couldn't take it? Indeed, yes! Just time out for a little serious copper-tinting while the sun is high.



Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

BOY *Meets* GIRL

Here it is, and for the first time, the *complete story* of "Boy Meets Girl," the hilarious comedy that caused Broadway to slap its thighs and quake with mirth.

Two eccentric writers. Two bewildered young lovers. And one unborn baby. Juggle them together, set them down in a Hollywood studio, and prepare for anything! You'll find you're getting more than you had hoped for when you follow situation after situation in the lives of four goofy individuals and one dimpled mite who gurgled his way into the heart of America.

Don't miss the complete story of "Boy Meets Girl"—adapted from the Warner Bros. picture starring James Cagney and Pat O'Brien. It is but one of the 16 stories appearing in the September SCREEN ROMANCES. In this same issue you'll find the complete stories of

TOO HOT TO HANDLE
Clark Gable and Myrna Loy
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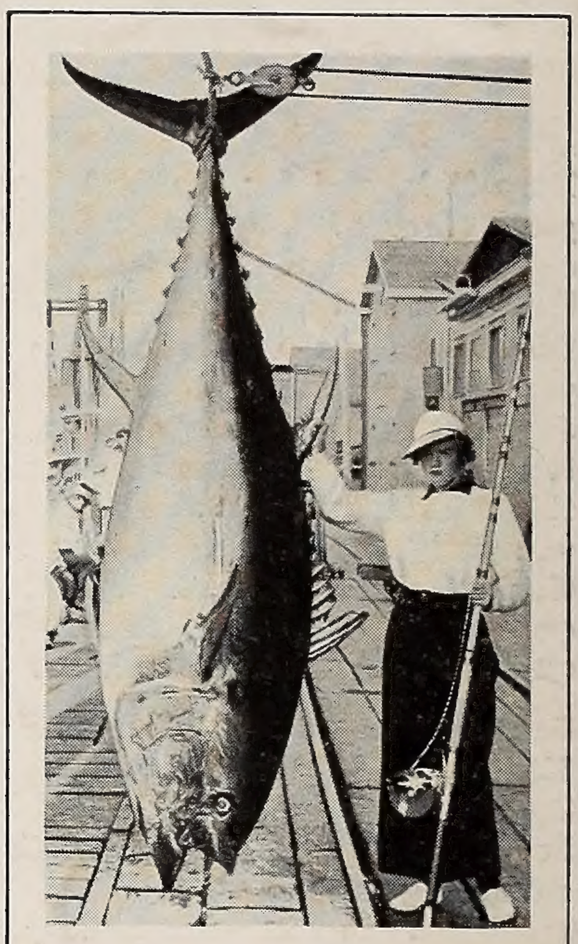
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Mrs. S. Kip Farrington, Jr.

OF NEW YORK / AND EAST HAMPTON

She's decidedly a modern . . . this young matron . . . Foregoes many social events for the greater thrill of big-game fishing



MRS. FARRINGTON is a lovable, easy-to-know person. Even mere acquaintances think of her fondly as "Chisie". *Below*, "dinner at home"—smoking a Camel. She is an alumna of the Spence School and Miss Porter's . . . travels considerably . . . takes part in sports the year 'round. A steady Camel smoker, she has this to say: "Almost all of my friends smoke Camels too. If they're not smoking *mine*, I'm smoking *theirs*. A grand cigarette—Camels! So good and mild!"



"Chisie, what makes you say: *'Camels are different'?"*

Comfortably lounging in the cabaña, Dorothy Lovett and Chisie Farrington (right, above) are deep in a talk about the difference in cigarettes. "I'm really quite interested in that difference you're always bringing up—the difference between Camels and other cigarettes," says Miss Lovett. "What is it?"

"Oh, you *must* have noticed!" replies Mrs. Farrington. "Why, for one thing, I can smoke Camels steadily—and they never upset my nerves. They never tire my taste either. And they're always gentle to my throat . . . good to my digestion. Oh, there are so many ways in which Camels agree with me . . .

"That's it," she repeats. "Camels *agree* with me!"



MRS. FARRINGTON has fished for big game from Nova Scotia to the Bahamas—caught tarpon, sailfish, big blue marlin, tuna. Above, photograph taken after her biggest catch was weighed in. A giant tuna—720 pounds, 9 feet, 10 inches long! And she's a mere 102 pounds! "That tuna tried hard to pull me overboard," she says. "Tense moments like that make me realize how much I depend upon healthy nerves—and how glad I am that I smoke Camels! Camels never jangle my nerves, and I smoke them *steadily*. And when I'm tired, smoking Camels gives my energy such a 'lift'!"

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Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Alexander Black, *Los Angeles* Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston* • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York* Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston* • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, *Philadelphia* • Miss Jane Alva Johnson, *St. Louis* • Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York* • Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, *Baltimore* • Miss Alicia Rhett, *Charleston, S.C.* • Miss LeBrun Rhinelander, *New York* • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., *New York* • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena* Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago*

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ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER "*Camels agree with me*"